The Relief Society Magazine

VOL. 41 NO. 12 Lessons for March DECEMBER 1954

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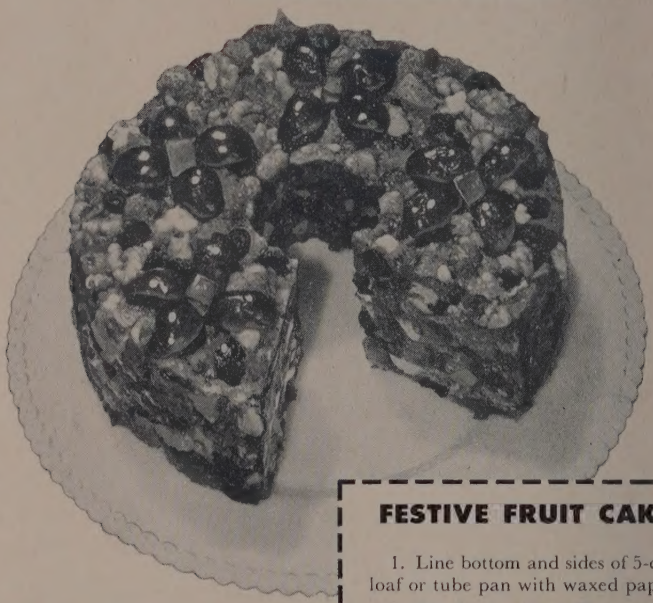
delicious Fruit Cake with no baking!



Fruit Cake bright with festive color, and superbly rich, moist and mellow. And—you make it with a simple twist of your wrist. It never gets near your oven.

The secret is the rich creamy Sego Milk which blends magically with the other good things—graham crackers, marshmallows, orange juice, spices, raisins, nuts, dates and candied fruit—to produce a holiday masterpiece.

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FESTIVE FRUIT CAKE

1. Line bottom and sides of 5-cup loaf or tube pan with waxed paper.

2. Put ½ cup Sego Evaporated Milk, 16 finely-cut marshmallows, and 3 tablesp. orange juice into a bowl and let stand until needed.

3. Roll 4 dozen 2½-inch graham crackers into fine crumbs.

4. Put crumbs into a large bowl with ¼ teasp. cinnamon, ¼ teasp. nutmeg, ⅛ teasp. cloves, 1 cup seedless raisins (dark or light), ½ cup finely-cut dates, ¾ cup broken English walnuts.

5. Add ¾ cup ready-mixed, cut-up candied fruit.*

6. Add milk mixture and mix with spoon, then with hands, until crumbs are moistened. Press firmly into pan. Top with fruit and nuts. Cover tightly. Chill two days before slicing, and keep in a cool place.

(*Or ¼ cup finely-cut candied pineapple, ⅓ cup finely-cut candied cherries, and 2 tablesp. finely-cut candied orange peel.)

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From Near and Far

My dear mother-in-law gave me a subscription to *The Relief Society Magazine* four years ago while my husband, who is a naval officer, was stationed in Newport, Rhode Island. It was while we were attending the Newport Branch that I discovered Relief Society . . . . The presiding elder called me to be president. What a wonderful experience! . . . I have been literature class leader for the past year and have been grateful for our San Diego Stake literature class leader, Betty Westwood. I want to add my thanks for *The Relief Society Magazine* and the inspiring contents thereof, special features, editorials, lessons, poetry, general features, features for the home, etc. . . I especially want to thank Lucile Tournear for her inspirational story "New Light" in the August *Magazine*. I shed tears each time I read it.

—Sarah L. Hinchcliff

Chula Vista Ward
San Diego Stake, California

I can never explain how I love the little book — the *Magazine* — for I read it from cover to cover, then the lessons over and over. You put a little piece on the Near and Far page with my name on it. I received a card from one of my friends in Hawaii on a mission, Hazel Poulsen Snow. She is a grandmother and a widow, and I hadn't heard from her for years. There she was reminded of me by that little book carrying a message in that faraway land! Then, down in Florida, Hazel Clark, a friend from Bancroft, saw my name and wrote me a letter . . . . She told me how she loved the *Magazine*. My near friends also said they saw my name, and a cousin in California I had almost lost track of. I think it should almost be called a *Magazine* of happiness.

—Zetta H. Ormond

Bancroft, Idaho

I enjoy the *Magazine* very much. As soon as it comes I usually sit down and read it from cover to cover as soon as I can.

—Mrs. Heber L. Olson

Logan, Utah

I have six daughters. All are in Relief Society, one president, two social science class leaders, one theology class leader, one stake board member, and one who helps with the work meetings. I started out as a secretary and have been active ever since. I taught the theology lessons until illness in 1940 prevented me from being able always to attend meetings. Now that I cannot attend meeting, I still enjoy the wonderful *Relief Society Magazine*. It is so spiritual.

—Rebecca Harris

Heyburn, Idaho

I do so much enjoy all the wonderful articles in the best *Magazine* of all—*The Relief Society Magazine*. I get so much pleasure reading each one of the stories and poems, and enjoy the interesting way in which the stories are told of our leading men of the Church.

—Mrs. Gladys B. Thomas

Pasadena, California

The *Magazine* is so wonderful I would not want to miss one issue, as each is read by my family from cover to cover. We live forty-four miles from any organization of any kind and so are not able to get to meetings very often. I do miss my Relief Society very much, as we used to live at Conrad, and I was the president of the first Relief Society ever organized there, five years ago. I do keep up on all my lessons and scripture reading. Life would be very unhappy if I did not have my *Magazine*.

—Mrs. Clarence J. Peterson

Chester, Montana

I love the *Magazine* and have had many happy surprises from it, finding the pictures of cousins and girlhood friends suddenly looking out at me, and I have thrilled with them at the prizes they have taken. The only fault I have ever found with our *Magazine* is that there is never enough of it to stretch from one month to the next.

—Bernice Edrington

Roosevelt, Utah

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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A Sign for Zarahemla

Lael W. Hill

Now it came to pass that there was a day set apart by the unbelievers, that all those who believed . . . should be put to death except the sign should come . . . (III Nephi 1:9).

In a far land there were also those who waited
Watching for a sign,
Six hundred years and the world's diameter away.

Six hundred years of struggle through wars and wiles
That beat like waves on sand and stone
Upon their spirits,
The world's diameter from where their fathers
Walked beside old seas, along the ancient river,
They kept the same commandments—and waited . . . .

Now, in the land that was long ago as legend,
The young wife bore her Child
God-given to the world
And angel voices woke the celebrant echoes . . . .

Afar in this other place, too,
Faith held reward
And there was great rejoicing, when night
Shone bright as the days it stood between,
And the new star blazed in heaven.

Always, the Father watches and fulfills his own;
They that believe receive his blessing
Though feet must follow a strange and difficult way.

Through cleft and shadow, apart from familiar hills
And from the intimate fields,
He shall go with them as ever he has gone,
Sharing his truth and his eternal promise—
So there shall be forever and forever
No darkness in the night.

The Cover: The Sistine Madonna, from a Painting by Raphael
Frontispiece: Madonna and Child, from a painting by Edward Steinbrueck from Camera Clix, New York
Cover Design by Evan Jensen

Contributions of the Church to Home and Family

President Stephen L Richards

Of the First Presidency

[Address Delivered at the Annual General Relief Society Conference, September 30, 1954]

A scene of beauty stretches out before me. I compare it to the symphonies of autumnal colors which grace the mountainsides in these days. The intelligence, the profundity of thought and wisdom inherent within this great organization have been amply attested in the outstanding addresses to which we have listened. Thank the Lord for them. The culture, the refinement, and aesthetic taste have surely been manifest in the beautiful music to which we have listened. I assure you, my dear sisters, that I regard it as a high privilege and honor to have the privilege of addressing this great conference of Relief Society workers. Ever since I received the invitation from Sister Spafford and her counselors, I have pondered most seriously what I should say, and I have prayed for direction. I feel, however, that you may feel a little disappointed when I tell you that I have decided to bring to your attention a theme which has no novelty to engage your attention. My subject is a very old one, yet perhaps I need not make apologies for the choice of it because current conditions bring it forcefully to the forefront of our consideration. I propose to speak to you on the "Contributions of the Church to Home and Family." It will be obvious, I think, that I contemplate a review, necessarily hurried, of a number of items.

The first contribution which the Church makes comes from its theology—the theology derived from the revelations, mostly new and concurrent with the restoration of the gospel in the latter dispensation. Members of the Church will understand how this new and comprehensive theology is made particularly plain in the temples of our Lord. This latter-day theology clarifies much of the ancient scripture and gives a vastly enlarged concept of what is and perhaps always has been the major concern of man, namely, to know his place in the universe, and in the whole eternal scheme of things. We can scarcely appreciate what an intimate bearing this fundamental theology makes to all phases of our lives and our relationships among men.

It is particularly pertinent to an adequate understanding of home and family. When you understand that all people had an ante-mortal existence, and that the spirits of all, which is the enduring, life-giving, intelligence within them, are in very truth the spirit children of our Father and our Creator, you cannot—unless your senses and your conscience have become corroded and calloused by sin and indifference—you cannot look upon a human be-

ing as merely a chemical organism whose breathing may be snuffed out with impunity or complacency. Would that all men could be brought to an acute realization that killing the body does not kill the spirit, and that some day the spirits of those who have been the victims of tyranny, oppression, and even neglect, will arise to accuse their oppressors, and that the God of justice will impose the penalty.

My sisters, you may think that this revealed principle, demanding respect and justice for the spirit children of our Father tabernacled in the bodies of men, applies chiefly, if not entirely, to the tyrants and oppressors of the race throughout the world. It goes much further. It has application in all our living, and particularly in relation to the family. I know of no more salutary principle in all our theology than that a home is a religious institution, into which the Father permits his spirit children to come and abide in mortal tabernacles, and that the mission, the predominant, transcendent mission of parenthood is to bring the spirit children entrusted to their care back into the presence of the Father, prepared through the tuition, experiences, and wise guidance of the parents to go on and on in eternal progression to the achievement of the highest destiny ever revealed for man. I have no hesitancy in making the declaration that if that mission for the home could be understood and accepted by the parents of the world, it would furnish the basis of solution for all the problems of the world.

I am aware that many will say that all this is visionary, utopian, and unattainable. I am not willing to yield to that criticism. If you will bear with me I propose to point out some ways and means by which this glorious concept of home and family may be made to bring about great and good results to all society.

THERE are many sins of omission as well as commission. The Church teaches that it is an offense against the Lord to wilfully and knowingly neglect opportunities and obligations to do good. Those who are the victims of neglect will be righteous accusers, just as those who are the victims of tyranny and oppression. At times I wonder if the children of the world at the judgment day may not constitute the greatest and most justified body of accusers coming out of the world. Such a thought makes me pause and reflect. It may have the same effect on you.

This noble concept of family life places the emphasis where it truly belongs. It recognizes the value of education and parental guidance to make out of children doctors, lawyers, teachers, and artisans who can effectively serve their fellow men. All education for service and worthy accomplishment is commended, but sight is never lost, not for a moment, of the prime and ultimate objective to bring the child back to God, the Eternal Parent. We observe with kindly tolerance, if not always with great enthusiasm, the boasting of parents with reference to the worthy accomplishments of their children. They are happy, and we are happy for them. We could wish that spiritual advancement might receive at least equal acclaim.

Now the Church from its very be-

ginning has purposely and methodically directed its endeavor to help and bless the home and children. In a measure, at least, all of its agencies contribute to this end. While it is never felt that any agency can be proxy for the home, it has caused all units in the organization to assist parents and family. In the teaching process the organizations of the Church have assumed, perhaps, a major role. Children learn the theology of the gospel almost from their infancy through institutional training in the Church. Perhaps the home has thrown a disproportionate share of this responsibility upon the teacher, because the revelations impose the primary obligation on the parents.

> And again, inasmuch as parents have children in Zion, or in any of her stakes which are organized, that teach them not to understand the doctrine of repentance, faith in Christ the Son of the living God, and of baptism and the gift of the Holy Ghost by the laying on of the hands, when eight years old, the sin be upon the heads of the parents (D. & C. 68:25).

The Church has taken a major part in providing, also, recreational activity for children. Here, it seems to me unfortunately, parents have turned over pretty much the whole job to the Church and some of its organizations. Recreation, which has such an appeal to youth, in all too many instances has been taken entirely out of the home. I suppose it is very often considered reactionary to look back to the past, but I confess I cannot escape the conviction that more home parties, such as I knew in my youth, would contribute immeasurably to the happiness and betterment of both parents and children.

Our Church teaching of youth and much of our recreational program, fortunately, have had very definite and specific aims. Generally and tangibly, these objectives are two (I wish they were always fully understood), first, missions; second, temple marriages. The first accords with the primary revealed assignment to the Church to spread the truth, and the second is in line with the next assignment to perfect the lives of the saints, which according to our understanding, may be accomplished only through temple marriage and the family establishments that follow.

I advocate a simplified and clarified understanding of these primary objectives. I realize that generalizations are easier than specific remedies and formulas, but I am sure there is far less confusion and far more concentration through unified effort if specific objectives are constantly kept before the people in all our procedures. Just think what it would mean if there could be constantly kept in the forefront of the thinking and aspirations of our youth these two lofty objectives, a mission and a temple marriage. Please do not overlook the fact that in the achievement of these aims every principle of the gospel must be incorporated into the lives of those who succeed.

IT seems to me almost unnecessary to propound the question before you sisters, "What does temple marriage contribute to home and family life?" Most of you are in position to testify as to the value of this unique concept, for it is unique and exclusive with the restored Church of our Redeemer, so far as

we know, in the whole Christian or non-Christian world. It has no counterpart, or is there any close approach to it, to its lofty and comprehensive import and concept. It is true that there may be many people all over the world, good people, who have great regard for the solidarity of the family, and who earnestly wish for its perpetuation hereafter, but as a means of bringing about a consummation of their high hopes, there is nothing anywhere comparable to the temple marriage. Temple marriage is an essential, necessary ordinance to make a man and a woman and their family eligible for exaltation in the presence of God the Father, and his Beloved Son. We have respect for honorable wedlock, and for good husbands, good wives, and homes built and maintained on principles of love, honor, and righteousness the world over, but we know we are right because the Lord has revealed it, that no one can attain to the highest glory and the loftiest blessings which the Lord holds out to his children except through the sealing process which lies at the basis of temple marriage.

It is difficult for many people to understand what the concept of an enduring life together means to two people who have undertaken to carry forward the great enterprise of building a home. There is probably not too much to be gained by attempting to minimize the problems inherent in such an enterprise. There will always be some differences in temperament, attitude, and judgment, concerning the questions to be resolved in the home. I think nearly all will agree that it would be a great thing for society if some solvent could be discovered for marital irritations and home difficulties. Theoretically, at least, and practically, too, there is such a solvent. It arises out of this basic concept that marriage is ordained of God, and that the family is an eternal institution. Two people who constantly look forward to an eternal life together will be far more ready to forgive and to view with some tolerance the irritations that may beset their marital life. It is like a man going on a long journey. If his destination is London, he will not be too impatient about a few hours or even a few days delay in Chicago and New York, but if he has an appointment in Ogden, he gets pretty mad if road repairs hold him up for a half hour on the way. Married people who know they have a long journey together must learn tolerance and patience.

We as a people deplore divorce. In many of its aspects it is cruel, and in some it is positively wicked. While I do not pretend to know the prevailing conditions, I was very much disturbed and dismayed to read in the paper a few days ago that Prime Minister Nehru had come out for the introduction of divorce in India. It has not been very long since the stigma of disgrace was generally placed on divorce by substantially all the better elements of our society. I well remember the rather shocking announcement made by one of the judges in this State, when I was a practicing lawyer before the courts, that he would not use his judicial powers to compel incompatible people to live together, by which he meant that in granting decrees of divorce he would go beyond the

statutory grounds provided therefor. I have no way of measuring the impetus and inducement for divorce which came from that announcement. That judge wanted to make divorce easy. He succeeded, and the courts of pretty much our whole country have likewise succeeded in making divorce so easy that it has come to be accepted as normal and without stigma.

I want to tell you that divorce is not normal, and it is not without stigma. It is cruel, unspeakably cruel to children, and to many innocent people. It is cruel to the participants themselves, filling their lives with bitterness and enmity more galling than wormwood, and the Lord in due course will rebuke this terrible wrong against the sacred institution of the home, which in his providence he has set up for the happiness and glory of mankind. Now, if there are alleviating circumstances, of course in his mercy he will consider them also.

Now, it is not my purpose merely to decry the evil of divorce. I believe that there are ways available to us to reduce, or at least retard, growth of this social malady. I think we can accomplish something in the way of tempering the attitude of complete tolerance for this evil. I doubt very much that they who have broken their marriage vows stand in the same position before the Lord as those who have kept and preserved them, and I doubt, too, the wisdom of trying to make divorcees generally feel too comfortable and complacent about their status. Nearly every day or week you read in the society column of the paper where Mrs. Black announces the engagement of her daughter, Miss Green. Seldom is Father Green mentioned in connection with the forthcoming marriage of his daughter, so, socially, the poor girl has one sponsoring parent, and we take it all casually. We are accustomed to it, and I suppose we cannot do much about it, but I never fail to feel sorry for Miss Green, whose divorced and remarried mother is handling her affairs at a time when she needs the guidance and direction of the pair to whom the Lord entrusted her life for safekeeping.

I suppose some of the sociologists would rap me for the statement I am making about divorce. They would probably say that it is cruel to make incompatible people live together, and that the children raised with quarreling parents will never be happy and well fitted for life. I should probably find myself in some part, at least, in agreement, but I would probably be at variance with the remedy that they suggest. I do not believe that the remedy for irritation and quarreling in the home is divorce. I believe that the remedy the Lord approves is repentance—repentance which demands forsaking the ways, the thoughts, and the intemperance which give rise to domestic troubles, repentance from sin in one form or another against the laws of God which makes fertile ground for dispute and contention, envy, jealousy, and hatred. I doubt very much that these social workers over the country, educated and well-intentioned as they are, understand the full meaning of repentance. I doubt that they know how to call people to repentance. In fact, I

know of no one who can effectively issue the call except under the spirit of our Lord who is author of the divine gift of repentance.

Friends of the disturbed couples often strive for their reconciliation. I doubt that the reconciliation which is based upon a long-suffering endurance of unrighteous conduct by one of the parties is either a fair or promising solution of domestic problems. Marriage is an institution, the success of which demands highest character. There is no noble character without self-control and the power of resistance to evil. A marriage can succeed only on the lofty plan of righteous conduct and love, that is, a marriage which is recognized of God, and I think there should be no other kind. If there is, I don't know much about them.

I cannot tell you sisters how much it pains the First Presidency and the Presiding Brethren of the Church to learn of the large numbers of our members who secure divorces. It is difficult to secure all the data which is essential for a correct appraisement of the stability of our marriages as compared with other peoples. Under conditions that are comparable, including divorce laws and their administration, we feel that the record of our people for marriage stability will stand comparison anywhere. We feel certain, too, that that record will be outstanding among those married in the temple. However good it is, it pains us grievously to see this practice of easy divorce creeping in among us. We warn our people against it, and I think we have the agencies and facilities to combat it, if we will but use the opportunities effectively. I am repeating myself in part when I assert that nothing will in the long run make a more effective contribution to the stability of marriage than adequate teaching of the revealed word of God about it. It is gratifying to note the emphasis which has been placed on this teaching by all the organizations, your own Relief Society, the Sunday School, the Mutual, and some of the Priesthood quorums.

I think your own organization has perhaps the greatest opportunity of all to inculcate in youth through the homes the exalted concept of marriage which the Lord has given. You have the mothers with you, and you touch the homes more intimately than any other organization. Can you not, without ceasing, teach the mothers how to establish and maintain homes with the lofty ideals the Lord has given us? You do not need to be afraid of repetition. There is a crop of new mothers every week who need the same teaching you had when you began to build a home. The subject never becomes trite or worn out, because there is constant need for it. In your societies it is refreshing to have a course in literature, or history, but it is indispensable to keep the home in the forefront of the thinking and the attention of all your members. I am sure you can do a service to the whole community by pointing out the evils of divorce and the tragedies of broken homes. Once a month, perhaps oftener, is not too frequent to keep our people reminded of these important considerations.

Now in this process of teaching the revealed truth about home and

family, I hope we can get all the organizations to emphasize the subject as you do. The Priesthood quorums can, if they will, teach the men as you do the women, and heaven knows they need it. So the first great contribution which the Church can make to the home and family is that of universal teaching of the glorious principles revealed by the Lord to his people.

I have thought of a few practical matters which I would like to bring to your attention. We cannot blind ourselves to the fact that we have many disturbed and undesirable home conditions among us. When divorce occurs, pitiable conditions ensue, more frequently with children and deserted mothers, which deserve and receive the attention of our duly constituted agencies. I believe we are equipped, however, to do much to prevent divorce and broken homes. In the very beginning of the latter-day work, the Lord instituted a sort of protective surveillance for all the families of the Church. Relatively small and compact groups of the people were organized into wards over whom a man of the Priesthood was appointed to preside, with special emphasis on the fatherly care he should give to those under his charge. Under him a group of Priesthood bearers, known as ward or home teachers, were called to give assistance. All these good men have been assigned to visit the homes of the people for the purpose of inquiring into all matters pertaining to the well-being of the inmates of the home. These officers of the Church are expected to ascertain, in appropriate and inoffensive ways, the spirit of the home, the compatibility of husband and wife, the atmosphere and environment in which children are raised. Scarcely any question affecting these home conditions is not tenable if asked under the inspiration of the spirit, with sincere interest in the welfare of the family. If the teachers and the bishops may be established as friends of the family, there is provided a marvelous opportunity for a kind of service in times of need which can probably be supplied from no other source. Here is the power of the Priesthood to call to repentance, if there arises need for such a call. Here is the power to rebuke and persuade and to bring harmony out of discord.

An additional factor for the solution of home problems, economic and otherwise, lies in the Priesthood quorum to which nearly all heads of families belong. If the proper spirit of fraternity and brotherhood exists in the quorum, it will prompt their fellow members to come to the assistance of each other in all matters, spiritual and temporal, and will prove to be a great source of strength to the weak and the negligent in an effort to regain self-control and self-respect.

A good deal of the contributing cause for domestic trouble stems from finances and economic difficulty. The Welfare agency of the Church, through the bishop and the quorum, and the Relief Societies also, is often able to render great assistance in the solution of such problems.

Now, in mentioning another agency, I wish to close with a tribute and an appeal. I pay my tribute of respect, admiration, and

love to the visiting teachers of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. In my humble judgment, and to the best of my knowledge, there has not existed in the last hundred years, and there does not now exist, any group of persons, male or female, who have given and now give more devoted, altruistic, unselfish, and self-effacing service to the children of our Father than this group of Relief Society visiting teachers. They are the quiet, unobtrusive, faithful guardians of our homes. Throughout the years their kindly ministrations have been countless. They, with the bishops, have been the first to appear with offerings of help in times of sickness, death, or other distress. They have fed the hungry, they have clothed the naked, they have comforted the bereaved, and inspirited the hopeless. They have never taken nor received a cent of pay. I believe there is no other such social service of record on a purely volunteer basis.

I find by examining the report for the year 1953 that the visiting teachers of the Relief Society made a total of 2,432,032 visits to the homes of the people. A compilation of the figures for their total years of service would be astounding. I feel that the Lord loves them as we do for their loving service to humanity. Their reward is assured.

Now, I would like to have these visiting teachers do even more than they are doing, and that is my appeal. I know of no one better situated to secure an intimate knowledge of home conditions than are these dear women. In order to help a family intelligently, knowledge of conditions is necessary. Our visiting sisters go into the home usually when the husband is away, often the children also. The lady of the house is alone. She receives these kindly people, and they soon establish with her, through their friendly solicitation, an atmosphere of understanding and confidence. It is not difficult in their ministrations for the teachers to discern trouble and anxiety of spirit. Perhaps the lady has felt great need for a confidant to whom she might unburden herself. Here is the opportunity, unsolicited, generally, but now welcome. She can trust these friends, and they can help.

Just suppose the lady discloses a condition in the home of disagreement, quarreling, neglect, abuse, and the possible imminence of separation. What can the teachers do, and what should they do? First, they can counsel patience and forbearance and postponement of any contemplated proceedings. They can point out the seriousness of forsaking marital obligations, the tragic consequences to children, and the hazards of divine rebuke. They can pray for the lady in such serious trouble, and counsel her to pray and to have faith in the Lord, and then they can, and they should, do something more. They should ask the lady to endeavor to get her husband to join with her in approaching the bishop to solicit his counsel and aid in the solution of their problems. If the lady subsequently informs the visitors that she cannot get her husband to lay their matters before the bishop, the visitors should then seek her permission to report to the bishop that the home needs help,

and thus give to the father of the ward and his assistants the opportunity to work with the man and the woman for the composition of their difficulties

Would it be worth all this effort to save a home and the marriage? I trust you sisters to answer that question.

I remember a part of a eulogy to the home which I read many years ago. It is as follows:

"Home! Upon that word there drop the sunshine of boyhood and the shadow of tender sorrows and the reflection of ten thousand fond memories. Home! When I see it in book or newspaper, that word seems to rise and sparkle and leap and thrill and whisper and chant and pray and weep. It glitters like a shield. It springs up like a fountain. It trills like a song. It twinkles like a star. It leaps like a flame. It glows like a sunset. It sings like an angel. And if some lexicographer, urged on by a spirit from beneath, should seek to cast forth that word from the language, the children would come forth and hide it under garlands of wild flowers, and the wealthy would come forth to cover it up with their diamonds and pearls; and kings would hide it under their crowns, and after Herod had hunted its life from Bethlehem to Egypt, and utterly given up the search, some bright, warm day it would flash from among the gems, and breathe from among the coronets and the world would read it bright and fair, and beautiful, and resonant, as before—Home! Home! Home!"

The Lord be praised for the inestimable blessing of home and family, and for the provision he has so generously made in the restoration of the gospel for their support, and for the achievement of their high destiny. May he bless all of us that we may widen the knowledge throughout the world of his truth respecting these sacred institutions, I pray humbly in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

The Winter Heart

Maryhale Woolsey

Who has a winter heart, when nights
Are long and still and cold,
Will seek a quiet firelit room
Where gentle dreams unfold;
Will seek someone to talk with, or
To share in song or rhyme.
Companionship and slow-paced hours
Belong to wintertime . . . .

The year is rich with lovely wealth—
A garden for the spring,
A cabin far in ageless hills
For joyful summering;
And autumn's golden sunlit ways
Enchant with gypsy art . .
But winter is for *home*—and claims
The homing winter heart.

The Annual General Relief Society Conference—1954

General Secretary-Treasurer Margaret C. Pickering

THE annual general Relief Society conference was held in the Tabernacle, Wednesday and Thursday, September 29 and 30. All the stakes and thirteen missions were represented by 1,770 officers—1,733 from the stakes and 37 from the missions. Mission presidents were not in attendance at the conference, but several missions were represented by district presidents. The general session filled the Tabernacle to capacity, with many standing.

The Officers Meeting on Wednesday was addressed by President Spafford who gave Official Instructions, and by Elder Henry D. Moyle of the Council of the Twelve. Lena W. Glaus, former President of the East German Mission Relief Society, and Leanor J. Brown, former President of the Argentine Mission Relief Society, reported on these missions. The Wells Stake Singing Mothers chorus, Mabel H. Shelley, director, furnished two beautiful numbers.

At the Wednesday afternoon meeting from 1:30 to 2:30 P.M., Elder Mark E. Petersen of the Council of the Twelve and an advisor to Relief Society, gave an address, after which the theology department program was presented. Music was furnished by a Singing Mothers group from the Provo stakes under the direction of Florence J. Madsen. From 2:45 to 3:45 P.M., department sessions were held simultaneously for work meeting, secretary-treasurers, *Magazine*, and music departments.

The annual reception was held Wednesday evening in the Lafayette Ballroom, Hotel, Utah. The music for the occasion was furnished by Sisters Florence S. Allen, Lota Lamoreaux, and Ann Larson.

The presentation of the educational courses was continued in the Thursday morning session when the programs for the visiting teaching, literature, and social science departments were presented. Music was again furnished by the Singing Mothers group from the Provo stakes, and by Carl J. Christensen who sang "Invictus." The general session held Thursday afternoon included addresses by President Stephen L Richards, President Belle S. Spafford, Counselor Marianne C. Sharp, Counselor Velma N. Simonsen, and Aleine M. Young. The Singing Mothers chorus of more than five hundred from Bear Lake, Benson, Bountiful, Cache, Davis, East Cache, Franklin, Grantsville, Hyrum, Layton, Logan, Montpelier, Mount Logan, North Davis, North Jordan, North Tooele, Oneida, Oquirrh, Smithfield, South Davis, South Summit, Summit, Tooele, and Wasatch Stakes furnished the music. It was directed by Florence J. Madsen who also directed the

RELIEF SOCIETY RECEPTION
Lafayette Ballroom, Hotel Utah, September 29, 1954

Left to right: General Secretary-Treasurer Margaret C. Pickering; Former President Amy Brown Lyman; Counselor Velma N. Simonsen; Counselor Marianne C. Sharp; President Belle S. Spafford.

congregational singing of the conference. Elder Frank W. Asper was organist of the conference. The large Singing Mothers chorus sang at the Friday sessions of the semiannual conference of the Church.

Following the close of the conference, the cornerstone-laying ceremony for the Relief Society Building was held at 4:15 P.M. at the southwest corner of the building on Main Street. President Spafford conducted the ceremony which was witnessed by most of the General Authorities, special guests, and representatives from stakes and missions. The program of this history-making event is published in full in this issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*.

The Official Instructions by President Spafford and the addresses by the general presidency appeared in the November issue of the *Magazine*. President Stephen L Richards' address appears as the feature of this issue. The address by Elder Mark E. Petersen will appear in the January 1955 issue; by Elder Henry D. Moyle in the February issue; by Aleine M. Young in the March issue.

The Relief Society Building Cornerstone-Laying Ceremony

Main and North Temple Streets,
Salt Lake City, Utah
Thursday Afternoon, September 30, 1954

President Belle S. Spafford

THE time has arrived for us to begin our cornerstone-laying ceremony. We are filled with gratitude today to meet under the direction of the First Presidency to lay the cornerstone for the Relief Society Building. We welcome you to these ceremonies. We are honored to have with us the First Presidency, President David O. McKay (and President Richards will be here in just a few moments), and President J. Reuben Clark, Jr. We are honored by the presence of members of the Council of the Twelve and the Patriarch of the Church, Assistants to the Council of the Twelve, members of the Council of Seventy, and members of the Presiding Bishopric. We are happy to have with us Sister McKay and Sister Richards, as well as wives of others of the General Authorities. The support of these sisters is valuable to us in all of our undertakings.

We are very grateful for the presence of members of the General Church Welfare Committee, the Church Building Committee, together with the architect, Bishop George Cannon Young, and representatives of the other Church auxiliaries. We also have with us some distinguished guests, including The Honorable J. Bracken Lee, Governor of the State of Utah, and His Honor, Mayor Earl J. Glade of Salt Lake City. We have received word that Mrs. Lee would have been with us today had she not had a previous appointment which took her out of the city. Mrs. Glade is in the group, with her daughters. We also acknowledge the presence of Sister Amy Brown Lyman, immediate past President of Relief Society, and a number of former Relief Society general board members. All three members of the general presidency of Relief Society are present and all members of the general board except Leone O. Jacobs who is absent due to illness. At this time we wish to thank Mayor Earl J. Glade and the city commission for closing the street to traffic in front of this building during our services.

We will begin our program by singing "High on the Mountain Top." The singing will be led by Florence Jepperson Madsen. Following the singing, President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., a member of the First Presidency, will offer the invocation.

Invocation
President J. Reuben Clark, Jr.

Our Heavenly and Eternal Father, reverently and in humility we, a few of thy servants and thy handmaids, have assembled together today to lay the cornerstone of the Relief Society Building. Our Father in

heaven, wilt thou attend with thy Holy Spirit these services. Wilt thou see that they are conducted in accordance with thy mind and will. Wilt thou cause that there shall be said in the course of these services those things, our Heavenly Father, which shall be more encouraging and further encouraging to the officers and members of this great organization, the greatest of its kind in the world. Our Heavenly Father, we are grateful for their service of the past; we look forward with confidence to their service in the future. Hear us, our Heavenly Father, in this, the opening prayer. Grant to us peace and comfort, and the inspiration of thy Spirit. May we go from here, the Relief Society members particularly, imbued with a determination to go forward in their great work, encouraged, built up, administering to the needs of the poor and to the needy, and to those who need help. We commend these services, our Heavenly Father, into thy kind care and keeping. We ask for these blessings and every other blessing that thou seest we need at this time, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

President Belle S. Spafford

For the past nine years the Relief Society building program has held the interest of Relief Society members throughout the world. This program has been an important part of the history of the society for this period.

It was in September 1945 that the First Presidency, President George Albert Smith, President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., and President David O. McKay, authorized the general presidency of Relief Society, President Belle S. Spafford, Counselor Marianne C. Sharp, and Counselor Gertrude R. Garff, to propose to the Relief Society membership assembled in general Relief Society conference, the erection of a Relief Society building. The sisters voted affirmatively on the proposition.

At the general session of the Relief Society conference in October 1947, the First Presidency authorized the general presidency, President Belle S. Spafford, Counselor Marianne C. Sharp, and Counselor Velma N. Simonsen, to present a financial plan for a sustaining vote of the membership. This same year Bishop George Cannon Young was engaged as the architect, and authorization was given to begin preliminary plans.

The following year, October 1948, our hearts were filled with thanksgiving to our Heavenly Father and with gratitude to the General Authorities and the presiding Priesthood throughout the Church for their support and encouragement, and to the sisters of Relief Society for their loyalty and magnificent efforts in the fund-raising program which made it possible for us to announce the success of the financial program—the raising of over one half million dollars.

It was a happy day, in October 1952, when President David O. McKay advised us, just prior to the opening of our general conference, that the First Presidency, President David O. McKay, President Stephen L Richards, and President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., had granted us this choice site on which to erect our building and authorized us to make announcement of this grant to the

Courtesy Deseret News-Salt Lake Telegram

GENERAL PRESIDENCY OF RELIEF SOCIETY
Standing at the Southwest Corner of the Relief Society Building
September 22, 1954

Left to right: Counselor Marianne C. Sharp; President Belle S. Spafford; Counselor Velma N. Simonsen.

GENERAL AUTHORITIES OF THE CHURCH, OFFICERS OF RELIEF SOCIETY, AND HONORED GUESTS PRESENT AT THE CORNERSTONE-LAYING CEREMONY

Front row, left to right: His Honor, Mayor Earl J. Glade of Salt Lake City; President J. Reuben Clark, Jr.; President David O. McKay; Sister Emma Ray Riggs McKay; The Honorable J. Bracken Lee, Governor of Utah; Counselor Marianne C. Sharp; Counselor Velma N. Simonsen; Former President of Relief Society, Amy Brown Lyman.

At the time this photograph was taken, President Belle S. Spafford was standing at the speaker's stand, delivering an address. Other General Authorities may be seen on other rows.

Relief Society membership in a session of our conference.

We all recall the rejoicing of a year ago, October 1953, when ground was broken. In the fall of 1953 plans were approved and bids were let. Bids were opened December 3, 1953, and the appropriation from the Church was approved December 22, 1953. The contract for the construction of the building was awarded to the Fullmer Brothers Construction Company, and excavation began January 16, 1954. Today we are gratified to take another step forward—the laying of the cornerstone.

In an address delivered at the general Relief Society conference, October 2, 1947, President George Al-

bert Smith, in tribute to the Relief Society sisters and in speaking of the building, said:

> I don't care how fine it is, how large it is, or how beautiful it is, it will not be better than you deserve. There isn't anything too good for you as long as you keep the commandments of the Lord. You know he said, " . . . seek ye first the kingdom of God, and its righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

A year ago at the ground-breaking ceremonies, President David O. McKay reminded us:

> No matter how commodious it may be, no matter how well-furnished the rooms, no matter how great the convenience of the furnishings, the house itself with all equipment is but a means to an end, and that end is the establishment in the hearts of the membership of the Church of a testimony of the truth of the restored gospel of Jesus Christ . . . . It is the means to a glorious end, the salvation of our Father's children . . . . And so this house becomes a means of furthering the work of the great Relief Society, the very heart and purpose of which is to bring happiness and peace into the homes and the hearts of the Latter-day Saints.

In speaking for the Relief Society women throughout the world today, I say to President McKay, President Richards, and President Clark, we acknowledge our blessings, we recognize our responsibilities, we sincerely pray for strength and wisdom to live so as to merit a continuation of our blessings and to meet our God-given responsibilities under the direction of the Priesthood.

We will now hear remarks from our immediate past President, Sister Amy Brown Lyman, who will speak for the women of yesterday.

President Amy Brown Lyman

President McKay, Sister Spafford, my dear brothers and sisters, dear everybody! The erection of this important building is one of the greatest achievements of the Relief Society. It is the culmination of the hopes, dreams, and prayers of the women of the past and the pride and joy of the women of today.

The idea of a woman's building has been uppermost in the minds of Relief Society workers for many years. It began to take shape when the first general board was organized seventy-four years ago. It was in June 1880 that President John Taylor, at a sisters' conference in the Assembly Hall, organized central, or general boards, for the three women's auxiliary organization of the Church. The Relief Society was then thirty-eight years old, and had a membership of 12,288. Four stakes had already recently been organized, and several others were in the course of being set up, and by the end of the next year, 1881, sixteen stakes in all had been organized. It was apparent at once that this amalgamation of independent ward societies into unified stake groups, with uniform standards and co-ordinated activities, would need direction and supervision, and that a central office or headquarters would be necessary for the work.

The *Woman's Exponent*, which had been established eight years before, in 1872, and which had a very modest office, came forward and graciously opened its doors to the new board, and for the next twenty-nine years, in this modest little office, wherever it was located, Relief Society board meetings were held, and the supervisory

work of the organization carried on. The *Exponent* office, which had a number of different locations during this period, was finally set up in the Templeton Building, with two large rooms and adequate closet space. Here, it became the center of women's activities, a sort of central intelligence agency, or bureau of information for the women of the Church. The general board, meanwhile, was happy here and managed fairly well. We remember, with a feeling of nostalgia, the cozy board meetings held here, which were often spiritual feasts.

However, the need of more space and a headquarters of their own were ever before these energetic, resourceful women. Ambitious women, they were, not for themselves, but for their organization. And a building fund was started, which, by the turn of the century, was a considerable amount for that day, and a building site was promised them on this very square or block. I am persuaded that no other location would have been entirely satisfactory to them, so close had they always felt to the First Presidency and the headquarters of the Church itself, ever since the days of Nauvoo.

After careful consideration with the Brethren, the erection of a suitable building was felt to be beyond the ability and resources of the women at that time, and they were advised to invest their funds in the proposed new Bishop's Building being planned for, in lieu of which, they would be adequately housed there. To this proposition they acceded, I must say rather reluctantly. And for forty-five years, since December 1909, the Relief Society, with the two other auxiliary groups which also made their contributions, has had comfortable headquarters and a delightful home. Here the general board has worked under the direct supervision of the Presiding Bishopric, who, because of their kindly consideration and understanding hearts, have been deeply appreciated and greatly beloved. We were a very happy family, always, in the Bishop's Building.

And now, after these many years, we are to have a magnificent building of our own, our very own, greater and grander than was ever dreamed of, and surely worth waiting for. Here it stands, facing the holy temple, and in close proximity to the headquarters of the Church. Here it stands on ground which has been made sacred by the many historic events which have occurred here, on ground made sacred by the feet of those who have trodden here. Here it stands on the very square from which goes forth the Word, also great and manifold spiritual blessings, yes, and material succor as well.

In behalf of the women of the past, it is with joy and deep appreciation that I extend gratitude and thanks to the Presiding Authorities of the Church for their generosity in granting us this precious piece of ground, and for assisting us so magnanimously in the erection of the great edifice which will adorn it. Also, gratitude and thanks for the women of today for their generosity, and to any and all who have contributed to this great project. May God bless this building which will be dedicated to his service, and bless us all, is the prayer I offer in Jesus' name. Amen.

Courtesy Deseret News-Salt Lake Telegram

PRESIDENT BELLE S. SPAFFORD DEPOSITS RECORDS IN RELIEF SOCIETY BUILDING CORNERSTONE

September 30, 1954

Left to right: Bishop George Cannon Young, Architect for the Relief Society Building; Belle S. Spafford, General President of Relief Society; Velma N. Simonsen, Second Counselor, Relief Society; President David O. McKay.

President Belle S. Spafford

We will now proceed with the laying of the cornerstone. This service will be directed by President David O. McKay. He has authorized Counselor Marianne C. Sharp, Chairman of the General Board Building Committee, to designate the articles to go into the cornerstone, and President Spafford and Counselor Simonsen have been requested by President McKay to place the articles in the cornerstone. President McKay will offer the dedicatory prayer. I now turn the proceedings to President McKay.

Announcer: Dean Bennet for KSL Radio Station.

Now the stone is in place and is being set by workmen here on the project. The chain will be released from the stone, and the copper box will be placed within the cornerstone. The box is quite large. It is eleven inches wide by twenty-nine inches long, and thirteen and a half inches deep. It is all copper,

a product of the State of Utah, one of the outstanding products that the State of Utah produces. The box is placed within the cornerstone now.

[During the time that Counselor Sharp was reading the list of articles to be placed in the cornerstone, President Spafford and Counselor Simonsen deposited the articles in the cornerstone.]

Counselor Marianne C. Sharp

This is a joyous occasion, not only to us who are privileged to be here today, but also to our dear sisters throughout the world who helped for this great occasion by giving of their five-dollar quotas. Under the direction of the First Presidency, we have collected the articles to be placed in the cornerstone. We have listed them under six categories of seven packages. Each package has been wrapped in plastic and sealed, and a listing of the articles in each package is written on top of the packages.

ARTICLES PLACED IN THE CORNERSTONE OF THE RELIEF SOCIETY BUILDING
SEPTEMBER 30, 1954

The first category contains two packages:

I. Lists of Stake and Mission Contributors to Relief Society Building Fund

II. History of Relief Society Building Activity:

- Copies of Financial Forms Used to Record the Raising of a Half Million Dollars
- General Instructions
- Instructions for Recording Names of Contributors
- Three Types of Receipt Cards: Quota, Special, Memorial
- Sample Sheets for Contributors' Names
- Copies of Three Letters:
  - A Photostat of the Approval of the First Presidency to Undertake Building Program, September 16, 1947
  - General Presidency of the Relief Society Letter to Stakes and Wards Outlining Financial Plan, October 21, 1947
  - Presiding Bishopric Letter of November 6, 1947, Endorsing Fund-Raising Program of Stake Presidencies and Ward Bishoprics
- Copy of Architect's Drawing of Relief Society Building
- Copies of Relief Society Annual General Conference Programs: 1948, 1953, 1954
- Copy of the Invitation to Ground-Breaking Ceremony, 1953
- Copy of the Invitation to Laying of Cornerstone Ceremony, 1954
- Financial Statement of Building Fund, 1947-1954
- Bound Volumes of *The Relief Society Magazine* for 1947, 1948, 1949, and Single Copies of *The Relief Society Magazine*, 1945-1953 Containing Articles on Building Activities

III. Historical Records of Relief Society:

- Relief Society Annual Reports, 1948 and 1953
- *Handbook of Instructions* of the Relief Society, 1931
- *National Woman's Relief Society Historical Sketch*, 1842-1931

} Gifts of Amy Brown Lyman

Handbook of the Relief Society, 1954
Relief Society Welfare Handbook, 1948
Notice of Visit Slip
Instructions and Order Forms of *Relief Society Magazine*
Nurse Forms for Wards and Branches
Pictures of General Presidents of Relief Society, 1842-1945
A Centenary of Relief Society
Copy of the *Woman's Exponent*, September 1906, Volume 35, Number 3
Copy of *Relief Society Bulletin*, Volume I, Number 2, 1914
Copy of *Relief Society Magazine*, January 1915, Volume 2, Number 1
Article on Editors of *Woman's Exponent* and *The Relief Society Magazine*, October 1947
Sample Fillers for Stake and Ward Record Books
Visiting Teachers Report Book
Relief Society Pin
Membership Card
Letterheads of: General Board of Relief Society and *The Relief Society Magazine*

IV. Standard Works of the Church, Periodicals, and Coins

Standard Works of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (With the Autographs of the First Presidency)
1954 Coins—$1, 50c, 10c, 5c, and 1c; 25c for 1953 (As 25c Pieces for 1954 Have Not Yet Been Minted)
The Improvement Era, October 1954
The Children's Friend, October 1954
The Instructor, September 1954
The Relief Society Magazine, October 1954
Newspapers—*Salt Lake Tribune*, September 25, 1954
Deseret News - Salt Lake Telegram, September 25, 1954

V. Pictures:

First Presidency	1945	
General Presidency of the Relief Society	1945	
General Board of the Relief Society	1945	
General Authorities	1948	—(This was the year in
First Presidency	1954	which the Brethren sup-
General Authorities	1954	ported us in our fund-
General Presidency of the Relief Society	1954	raising program)
General Board of the Relief Society	1954	
Ground-Breaking Ceremony, October 1,	1953	

VI. Microfilms:

The sixth category contains microfilms of articles whose originals are not being placed in the cornerstone:

Microfilm of First Issue of *Woman's Exponent*, June 1, 1872
Microfilm of *Relief Society Bulletin*, Volume 1, Number 1, 1914
Microfilm of "Female Relief Society Book of Records," March 17, 1842—March 16, 1844, Nauvoo, Illinois, in the handwriting of our first Secretary, Eliza R. Snow.

President David O. McKay

I now pronounce this chief cornerstone of the Female Relief Society Building duly and properly laid in accordance with arrangements heretofore made by the architect and builders in relation to its position. We shall now offer the dedicatory prayer for this cornerstone.

Dedicatory Prayer
President David O. McKay

Our Heavenly and Eternal Father, thou knowest our hearts as we assemble on this solemn and important occasion. We are grateful for the Authorities of thy Church who established the Female Relief Society. Grateful for all the sisters who have labored during these many years in accordance with instructions given by the Prophet Joseph Smith. We are grateful for this occasion, for the faithfulness of those who presently preside over this important organization and for the membership of the society throughout the world, for this building belongs to them, whether in the organized stakes or in the missions of the field.

We have deposited this box containing various records pertaining to the organization, duties, activities, and history of the Female Relief Society of the Church, also the standard works, magazines published by the auxiliaries of thy Church, coins of the realm, and other articles already specified in the presence of this large audience.

We desire, Heavenly Father, that this box, with all its contents, will be preserved in safety until, in fulfillment of thy purposes, it shall be brought forth. This hermetically sealed box, with its seven well-wrapped packages, we now place in the receptacle prepared for it, and invoke thy protecting care upon the cornerstone in which it is placed, that the stone may remain unmoved until the purposes for which this building is erected are consummated.

We dedicate this cornerstone, with the contents placed therein; we rededicate the grounds upon which it stands; we dedicate the walls of the building thus far erected, the timbers, steel, and other material on the lot, and other material which will yet come. We invoke, our Heavenly Father, thy blessings upon the builders, that they may take pride and satisfaction in their work, with a prayer in their hearts that they may build even better than they know, that this building may be a source of pride and satisfaction and inspiration to the members of Relief Society throughout the entire world.

We invoke thy blessings upon Sister Belle S. Spafford, upon her worthy counselors, upon all the members of the general Relief Society board. Continue, O Lord, to inspire them with true leadership, with humility and devotion. Likewise, bless the presidents of Relief Society in all the organized stakes and missions, and the members thereof. Help them to reduce to a minimum tendencies to find fault, to indulge in petty bickerings and jealousies.

On this sacred hour we dedicate ourselves unto thee, and unto the establishing of the kingdom of God on earth. Help us all to fulfill our duties in our respective callings, ever keeping thee and thy glory the cen-

Courtesy The Salt Lake Tribune

THE FIRST PRESIDENCY AT THE LAYING OF THE CORNERSTONE OF THE RELIEF SOCIETY BUILDING, September 30, 1954

ter of our devotion, that we may ever be found worthy in thy sight.

And, in conclusion, O Lord, on this solemn occasion, unitedly we ask thy blessings upon our country. Preserve the freedom of the indivual and the rights of states as vouchsafed by the Constitution of the United States, and frustrate the plans of sinister men and women who have sinister motives, who would, in any way, deprive the citizens of this Republic of the liberties thou, through thy inspiration to the founders, hast given to them. This laying of the cornerstone, the sealing of the copper box with its contents, the expression of our gratitude to thee for blessings named and all others, we render unto thee on this

Courtesy The Salt Lake Tribune

PRESIDENT DAVID O. McKAY PLACES A SPIRIT LEVEL ON CORNERSTONE OF RELIEF SOCIETY BUILDING LOWERED INTO PLACE
September 30, 1954

occasion, invoking thy blessings upon the Authorities of thy Church and good men and women everywhere, in the name of Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

President Belle S. Spafford

We will conclude our services by Sister Madsen leading us in singing "The Spirit of God Like a Fire Is Burning," following which President Joseph Fielding Smith of the Council of the Twelve, an advisor to the Relief Society, will offer the benediction.

Benediction
President Joseph Fielding Smith

Our Father who art in heaven, we pray that the action of this day may be ratified in the heavens. Be with these, our sisters, who preside over this great organization; guide and bless them and all the membership of this great sisterhood, that all that they are called upon to do may be accomplished. We thank thee for this occasion. Bless, we pray, what has been done, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

Seek for the Gift

Beatrice R. Parsons

THE kitchen bustled with activity and excitement. It was a few days before Christmas. The children's eyes held dreams. Only Rod's heart was bruised and sore.

How, he thought bitterly, can a man give his children a decent Christmas with their mother gone? His heart ached with loss and pain. Martha had been dead only a month. Silently he called her name, *Martha, Martha!* Why, oh, why?

He had no answer for that question. Truths Rod had known since childhood, through adolescence, through his marriage to Martha, had completely disappeared from his consciousness. He had forgotten everything but his loss. Inside he was old, shriveled, without hope. Martha was dead, buried within the white blanket of snow which had swept across the cemetery during the night.

Rod's face was twisted as he watched the children eating breakfast. Fran, his seven-year old daughter, was eating oatmeal without enthusiasm. It was lumpy because Rod had cooked it. Carefully, she pushed the lumps aside. Rod had made the cocoa, too. He knew by the way five-year-old Timmy was shoveling sugar into the mixture that it was tasteless. Martha had been such a good cook. Baby Trudie, just past one year old, was drinking her milk. Rod watched a rivulet run down her torn bib. Julie, his eldest daughter, ten-going-on-eleven, took a paper napkin to wipe Trudie's hands.

When Martha was alive, there had been pretty white napkins with gay sprigs of embroidery in the corners. Rod's eyes burned as they watched Julie. "She's old enough to miss her mother," he told himself painfully. He wished that he had let Mrs. Jensen, his next-door neighbor, stay all night as she had wanted to. But he couldn't impose on Mrs. Jensen. Her husband had a cold, and she had her own worries. Of course, there were others who had been helping, cousins, neighbors, and the children's grandparents; but Rod knew his problem was his own to solve. He thought with sudden despair: How can a man give his children a good Christmas when he's alone?

He *was* alone in that bright, gay kitchen. The children had retreated into their own little magic world of Christmas. Their eyes were shining like lighted candles, and talk flowed round the breakfast table in a river of excitement.

"I told Santa to bring me a six-gun!" It was Timmy's voice, high, eager.

"I want a doll," said Fran haughtily. "One that drinks, and wets, and everything."

"I wanna doll," cried Baby Trudie, banging her silver mug against the aluminum tray in her high chair. She began to cry, and Julie hurried to comfort her.

Rod noticed, painfully, that Julie

did not tell her wants. Her small, pensive face was pale and pinched. Rod knew what Julie wanted most.

Pain flooded over him. Why, oh why, had Julie's mother died? He could not stop asking it. There was no answer. But he needed one. Desperately.

Rod was frightened—agonizingly frightened. He wasn't a homemaker. He'd left that to Martha. Now he was alone. Alone during the uninterrupted hours of the long, empty nights when he longed for the touch of Martha's hand on his, the fragrance of her brown hair on the pillow beside him.

Rod was confused. Relatives had offered to take the children to live with them. He had tried to think what would be best. The children needed something he could no longer give them. They needed the security of an untroubled home.

THE bleak bankruptcy of hopelessness made Rod put down his newspaper and speak slowly. "Children, I've something to tell you."

Yes, his mind was made up. He could not face Christmas without Martha. Not even the dinners and trees that had been offered so generously by so many people. He could not stay in the place which meant Martha in a million burning, hurting ways. He could not hurt the children by asking them to stay. His mind was made up. It was better this way.

His voice was loud, and more stern than he realized. "I think it would be better for you children to live with someone else."

He was shocked to see their faces. Julie's was pale and still. Baby Trudie didn't understand. She laughed and banged her cup against her tray. The noise cut into Rod's nerves, and his voice was rough.

"Julie, you're going to live with Grandma Henderson. She wants you because you're so like . . . like your mother." He had trouble with the word, then added quickly: "She can't take the other children. She's not very well." In the face of their silence, he tried to make them understand. "This is the best way. Timmie will live with Aunt Ellen. Fran with Aunt Margie. Grace wants the baby. You'll have a wonderful Christmas . . . ."

"But how will Santa know where we are?"

It was Timmy's voice, shaken, desperate. He tried to hide tears by rubbing his eyes with the back of a grubby hand. Rod saw that Timmy's suspender buttons had come off. One side of his overalls hung limply at his waist. Rod felt a lump in his throat. He forced his voice to be calm.

"I'll see Santa this very afternoon. I'll tell him your new addresses. I'll see that he brings you everything you want."

Every gift, he knew helplessly, except the one gift he could not give them. To be together as a family at Christmas. Their eyes were still turned towards him. Their small faces had not changed. They were waiting.

"It's not that I don't want you to stay with me." If only he could tell them how baffled he was, how ill with his own shortcomings. His voice almost failed as he continued: "I can't look after you the way your aunts and your grandmother can. They love you. They want you. It isn't that I don't love you, either."

They didn't believe him. They sat there like stones. Even the baby's cup was quiet. He couldn't make them understand.

So that they could not see the tears on his lashes, he got up and began to wash the dishes. He clattered them loudly so as not to hear the small, stricken whispers which sped around the table.

He tried to bury doubt, fear, and discouragement deep in detergent suds. After a while he became conscious that the children had left the table and were playing their usual games.

Julie was sweeping the crumbs. The broom was too tall for her. But Julie was like her mother — a housekeeper, a homemaker. Rod's hand touched her sunny brown hair, and for an instant it was like touching Martha's.

Yet Julie seemed to shut him away as she went to put the broom in the closet. Rod's thoughts bred bitterness. He was thankful the children were young. That they could not be hurt as he had been. They had loved their mother. But they would forget her.

And each other! thought Rod despairingly. He didn't want that to happen. Yet there was nothing he could do. He could never take Martha's place. And each child would have love and kindness showered by eager relatives. After a while they would stop missing their mother and their father.

BUT Rod would never stop missing Martha. Martha with her bright, happy smile, her eager plans for their future. Even when they'd bought the small, white cottage on Walnut Street, Martha had been hoping for a December baby, but not even Martha had dreamed that Timmy would be born on Christmas Eve!

Rod could still recall the fear that had swept into his heart when the doctor said there was no time to get Martha to the hospital. Martha had reassured him.

"Just hang on to my hand, darling. Everything will be all right!"

He had held her hand and he could still remember the wave of awe and gratitude which had flowed into his heart at his son's first, frail cry.

That was a beautiful Christmas. Martha had insisted on having the tree set up in a corner of the living room where she could see it from her bed. She had even asked him to hang the silver star at the end of one of the branches so that it could shine into her room.

The future had been so bright. It had seemed brighter than ever when baby Trudie had come. But Martha had not been well after Trudie was born. There had been pain for her, anxiety for Rod. Martha had guessed his worry and had reassured him.

"I'm feeling better, darling. Even well enough to go to meeting on Sunday. Bishop Fence is going to speak. He has so much faith, so many truths in his heart. He *knows*, Rod. He never doubts."

Rod had also known the things of which the bishop spoke as he had sat next to Martha, touching her hand. There had been no doubt in his heart as they walked home together through the coolness of a crisp November evening. But in the morning, when he woke to find Martha lying pale and white, a soft,

gentle smile against her colorless lips, all the things they had heard cried out in mockery. Martha was gone. Rod was alone.

NOW, as he wiped his hands, he saw Mrs. Jensen crossing the lot. Her blue stole made a cheery blot of color against the white snow. As she opened the door, stamping powdered snow from her galoshes, she chided Rod gently. "Mercy, Mr. Edgerton, you didn't have to wash the dishes. Next time pile them up. That way you'll have more time for the children, and I'll wash the dishes while the children are playing."

Rod glanced at the children. They had closed the door to their small, magic world, and he was grateful that they, at least, had power to forget.

But he saw, as he kissed them goodbye before getting out the car to go to the office, that they were still afraid of the coming separation. Julie's small, red mouth trembled when she kissed him, and Baby Trudie clung to his legs begging to be lifted up before he went. Walking out into the winter cold the bleakness of its snow and ice froze the unshed tears behind his lashes.

The morning was cold and bright; but there was a promise of more snowflakes in clouds that hung pinned to the mountain tops. Downtown there were gay red lanterns on lampposts, and great, sparkling stars suspended in the middle of the streets. At the northernmost star, the great snow-tipped spires of the temple and the golden figure, capped with a crown of snowflakes, made the pain in Rod's heart grow keener than ever.

It was more than twelve years since he and Martha had stood within those templed walls to be married. Their hearts and their hopes had been as high as the sky. Now Rod felt they were dead, buried under the earth below that sky which had promised eternal happiness.

As Rod entered the big office where he worked, one of the new stenographers was placing sprigs of holly on the desks. She put one on his and spoke eagerly, "My mother sent me a box from the holly tree in our back yard." Her eyes misted a little as she explained: "I used to live in Portland, Oregon. I'm staying here in Salt Lake while my husband, Ben, is in Germany . . . ."

Her chattering broke off in the middle of a word. She seemed suddenly aware of the grayness in Rod's face. She snatched up the holly and apologized swiftly. "I'm sorry, Mr. Edgerton; I had forgotten . . . ."

Rod reassured her stiffly. "It was nice of you, Mrs. Brown. Christmas can't stop just because . . . ." He left it there as he turned to the insurance books on his desk.

Just before noon he made a list of the things he meant to buy—a six-gun for Timmy, a fire engine, and some little cars and trucks for Aunt Ellen to tuck into the toe of his stocking. He'd buy a doll for Fran, and some bottles and nipples. And plenty of didies! There was a fireplace at Aunt Margie's where Fran could put up her stocking! Trudie should have a new doll. Maybe a doll buggy, now that she was beginning to walk so well. He'd buy some new bibs. Some training pants. Baby Trudie would have a fine home with Cousin Grace.

He chewed his pencil and thought

about Julie. He didn't know just what to put down. Julie would want something more grownup than a doll. He'd find something when he went through the stores. Julie would have a good Christmas with Martha's parents. They were old, but they loved Julie very much.

When Rod went down in the elevator, Mrs. Brown was there. Her voice held a veneer of gaiety. "I'm going to buy the smallest turkey I can find and cook it all for myself." She was close to tears, but she shook them away, saying: "I'd hate Ben to see what a baby I am. When he comes home we'll have a good laugh!"

After they'd entered the street and Mrs. Brown had turned off into the super-market, her words tortured Rod's mind. If only Martha could return home! But Martha would never return.

The knowledge was an edged knife in Rod's heart. He tried not to see the brightly decorated windows, the strings of gay-colored lights on the Christmas trees, and the red-coated Santas, with their silver bells. He did not look before him. The future was flat and empty. It was like walking backwards, seeing where you'd been, not where you were going.

INSIDE the big department store a current of eager shoppers swept him toward the elevators. But they crowded in, and he had to stop at the door. The elevator girl gave him a smile. Her brown hair was a little rumpled, but her cheerfulness was a bright, gleaming badge. "They push and shove, but they don't mean to be rude. It's just that they're so happy."

"*Happy!*" The word jarred at Rod's mind. He was surprised to see that the girl looked a little like Julie, or like Julie would look when she was eighteen or nineteen.

When the elevator came down again, the girl gave him a little nod. He got in and was crowded to the back by the wide shoulders of a tall, young lad. The boy gave him a companionable grin.

"Kind-a scares you, doesn't it?"

Rod had to admit that it did. As they stepped into the lane of toys bordered by a steady march of blue and gold Christmas trees, the lad again spoke, "I gotta find something extra swell for Mom!" His hands swept up to ruffle his shock of red hair, and he turned back to the elevator, realizing that he was on the wrong floor. As the car door closed, something caught Rod's attention. Why, in spite of freckles and red hair, that lad looked a little like Timmy, or like Timmy would look at fifteen.

"May I be of service?" A kind voice broke into his thoughts. A clerk stood at his elbow. There was a hint of silver in her hair, and she was middle-aged. "Something for your children?"

Rod nodded and followed her to the games. She picked up a nurse's case. Her eyes shone behind her polished glasses. "I bought one of these for my granddaughter. She's always playing nurse, though she's just a baby."

Trudie liked to play nurse. Rod said he'd take it, and was surprised to be thinking of Trudie as a fine grownup young nurse with a stiffly starched cap over her soft, blond curls.

He spoke awkwardly: "Perhaps

you could suggest something for my eldest daughter. She's almost eleven."

The clerk showed him a set of Blue Willow dishes. "My daughters used to have play-parties when they were eleven and ten. This set has everything from soup plates to a serving tray. If your daughter is a little homemaker, she'll love it."

Rod had a mental picture of Julie sweeping crumbs. His voice was tender. "Julie is like her mother." His voice died on the quick pain in his throat. But the clerk was writing her sales slip and didn't seem to notice. When she had finished she looked up.

"Where are these things to be delivered?"

Rod's hands shook a little as he separated his purchases into four piles. He began with the play-party dishes. "This is to go to . . . ." He could not give his mother-in-law's address, and said quickly: "Have them wrapped and I'll call by and pick them up on the way home from the office."

As he went towards the elevators he chided himself: Now why did I tell her that? It will only make for confusion. He'd have a lot of running around to deliver the packages.

HE was still puzzling about it as he stepped from the car on the main floor. The elevator girl made little clicking sounds with her starter and gave him a friendly grin. "Did you find what you were looking for?"

He nodded. When he gained the street he found that it had started to snow. The flakes were icy against his face. As he passed the market Mrs. Brown came out. She was clutching a knobby bundle, and he took it from her arm.

She spoke breathlessly "I bought a bigger turkey than I expected. I met some friends in the store. They are sort of alone the way I am with their husbands overseas. I'm going to cook dinner. I won't be alone, after all."

Rod heard the words with a dull, gnawing ache in his heart. As they passed a window, Mrs. Brown urged him to stop and watch the mechanical toys that rode musical merry-go-rounds and ferris wheels under a gay, tinsel-trimmed Christmas tree. Rod saw that one of the silver stars had come loose and was hanging perilously close to the end of a branch. Unconsciously, he put out his hands as though to straighten it, and Mrs. Brown laughed as they turned away.

"Don't worry about that silver star, Mr. Edgerton. Even if it falls its brightness won't diminish. Even lying on the floor of the window it will go on shining as brightly and proudly as before."

She hurried away, after retrieving her bundle, to finish her shopping. Rod tramped slowly along the slushy streets and kept thinking of that silver star. Why, it was very like the one which Martha had asked him to hang on the end of a branch when Timmy was born. He smiled, and as he smiled Martha seemed very, very close.

That afternoon as he sat at his desk, working over his insurance books, he seemed to hear the elevator girl's voice asking: "Did you find what you were looking for?"

He heard the other employees leaving for the day, and even as he put his books away, the voice said

over and over: *"Did you find what you were looking for?"*

Suddenly, as he got his car from the parking lot and turned in a storeward direction, he recalled the events of the day—the girl with the brown hair like Julie's, the clerk who had sold him the nurse's cap for Trudie's soft, blond curls, the boy with the red hair and freckles, who looked like Timmy would look when he grew up, and the silver star!

All at once wonderment filled him. Had he found what he was looking for? Had he found the answer to the dream he and Martha had shared? Had he found Martha in remembering a silver star?

The truth as he had known it from the first was beginning to brighten in his mind. The ice that had ringed his heart was melting in the knowledge that was springing up in his soul. Martha had painted their future, and he had caught a glimpse of that future in a bustling department store, in a window filled with mechanical toys, and a silver star.

He saw it more plainly, more clearly than ever as his eyes turned to the spires of the temple, gilded now in a weak burst of setting sun. How brightly they gleamed in spite of their snow-tipped pinnacles. How clearly things stood in Rod's mind as he remembered the vows he had exchanged with Martha.

He knew now that she would never entirely go from his life. He had a part of her — a living part of her — in their children. He had the future that she had planned, and eternity together.

Nothing could ever destroy that future again. It would be very hard to keep it, but Rod meant to try. He didn't know how he was going to manage. But he would not send the children away. He would keep them close to his side with the help of friends, neighbors, and kind and loving relatives.

He could imagine the joy which would flood their small faces when he told them. He could almost see the happiness that would light Julie's eyes.

A little while ago he had felt lonely, bereft. Now he had found his Christmas miracle. His eyes were wet, not with burning, cruel sadness, but with gleaming, shining hope.

He felt strangely reborn in truth and knowledge, like a small child who has been given a great, and unexpected gift!

Country Houses

Margaret Evelyn Singleton

Each stands in summer cool, aloof
Behind an arboreal screen
Isolating roof from roof
By latticed walls of green.

As human tenants seek their kind,
Homes seem in winter weather
To reach through leafless boughs and find
Their hearths drawn close together.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, December 1, and December 15, 1894

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

CHAUCER: Like a new star did the genius of Chaucer burst upon the English world of the fourteenth century. A star which, by its mellow radiance, revealed to the world, beauties and pleasures it never dreamed of before. A heralding luminary shedding its friendly light down to the brilliant constellation which was to follow in the distance. As the "Father of English poetry," he has claimed the honor of all succeeding generations . . . .

—Gladys Woodmansee

SUPREME LESSON: If for any reason whatever a child can be taught but one lesson, let that lesson be Faith in God. For that one step towards an education is of more permanent value to a human being than all other learning put together.

—Grains of Truth

MR. LAMBOURNE'S NEW BOOK: The new book just issued for the holidays by Alfred Lambourne . . . author, artist, and story teller, is beautiful enough in the quality of paper, type and binding to please the most fastidious taste . . . . The story is of the Rocky Mountains, our own dear snow-capped everlasting hills, and is gracefully and tenderly written, and most exquisitely illustrated. The book as a whole inside and out, is suitable for the most elegant drawing-room, or library table, and withal the tale is graciously intermingled with lofty sentiments and purity of language. The title befits the subject and blends harmoniously with the pen sketches and characteristic pictures—"Plet—A Christmas Tale of the Wasatch."

—Editorial

A DECEMBER DITTY

The holly, oh, the holly!
Green leaf and berry red,
Is the plant that thrives in winter
When all the rest are fled.
When snows are on the ground,
And the skies are gray and drear,
The holly comes at Christmastide
And brings the Christmas cheer.

—Selected

RELIEF SOCIETY REPORT FROM BOUNTIFUL: This society is a small one, only about thirty-three members, but all are good, energetic workers. Our meetings are quite well attended, and we are trying to obey counsel in storing up wheat . . . . At present we have no poor in our ward, and can truthfully say that we do live in the land Bountiful. But all is not pleasant sunshine with us, for death has stepped in and taken one of our most faithful and useful sisters—Lucy Dark Muir . . . .

—Zilla Grant, Secretary

ENGAGEMENT: Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin is soon to be married to George Riggs, a young business man of New York. They were together last summer on a coaching party in Wales. This will not interfere with Mrs. Wiggin's literary career.

—Selected

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

NELL DORR, eminent artist, has assembled a number of her exquisite photographs in a new book *Mother and Child*. The photographs "magnify the beauty of even the smallest household rites . . . the inner beauty, depth, and poetry of mother and child."

ANITA LESLIE, an American relative of Sir Winston Churchhill, is the author of *The Remarkable Mr. Jerome*, a biography dealing with the family of Jennie Jerome who married Lord Randolph Churchill and became the mother of Sir Winston Churchill, the great British statesman.

SUSAN B. Anthony, the great women's suffrage leader, is memorialized in a recent biography by Katherine Anthony. Susan Anthony is represented as " a symbol in garnet velvet" of the inevitable recognition of the civil rights of women.

THE first women entered our Federal Government service in 1786. Now, 168 years later, nearly a half million women are working for the Government, making up twenty-two per cent of the civilians in Government service.

DR. CYLVIA SORKIN, St. Louis economist and business consultant, told the Business and Professional Women's Clubs at their national convention, that she would not be surprised if the United States had a woman president by 1966. She added that ability, not sex, should determine who fills the office, and said that she knows a dozen women qualified for the office.

THE nurses of America were honored during National Nurses Week, October 11th to 17th, with special radio, television, church, and school programs devoted to the women in white who bring sunshine into gray lives, ease pain, help to cure disease, care for infants and the aged, and make the world a better place in which to live.

ANNE HUTCHINSON is the subject of Boston's only statue of a woman. She was a very brilliant person who disagreed with the Calvinistic Puritans and insisted on speaking her mind. She was banished with her family, in 1638, and settled in Rhode Island. The sculptor was a native Utahn—Cyrus E. Dallin.

BIRTHDAY congratulations are extended to Mrs. Ann C. Milne, Murray, Utah, 106; Mrs. Amanda Sanderson Jones Pritchett, Fairview, Utah, one hundred years old; Elizabeth Carlyle Bawden, Salt Lake City, Utah, ninety-seven; Mrs. Sally Agnes Call Cordon, Rigby, Idaho, ninety six; Mrs. Lydia Westberg, North Salt Lake, ninety.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 41 DECEMBER 1954 NO. 12

The 125th Semi-Annual Church Conference

A spirit of appreciation, gratitude, and unity characterized the entire proceedings of the One Hundred Twenty-Fifth Semi-Annual Conference of the Church held on October 1-3, 1954, in the Tabernacle on Temple Square. The presence and words of two of the General Authorities were missed—Elder Adam S. Bennion and Bishop Joseph Wirthlin both of whom were recovering from illnesses.

Great coverage was afforded by radio and television in Western States, originating with KSL and KSL-TV, and through a closed circuit the proceedings of the Priesthood meeting went to stake chapels in Utah, Idaho, Wyoming, Arizona, and up and down the Pacific Coast, where members of the Priesthood were assembled for this unusual opportunity.

The spread of the gospel, geographically, was indicated by President McKay's extending love and greetings to Church members in Canada, Mexico, Europe, South Africa, South America, New Zealand, Australia, the Polynesian Islands, Japan, China, Greenland, Iceland, to groups in Korea, the Philippines, on Guam, and other islands of the Pacific.

In President McKay's opening address he stated that he felt impressed to say a word of commendation about what the Church is doing to help parents rear their children, particularly the teenagers of the Church. Three groups carry the responsibility of training children, he averred, first the family; second the Church; and third the state.

President McKay stressed the fact that the Lord has placed upon parents:

> . . . the responsibility, first to teach the doctrine of repentance; second, faith in Christ, the Son of the Living God; third, baptism and confirmation; fourth, to teach children to pray; fifth to teach children to walk uprightly before the Lord. Parents who shirk this responsibility will have to answer for the sin of neglect . . . . The most effective way to teach is by example.

In speaking of the great work being done by the Church for teenagers, he commended that of the Aaronic Priesthood, Sunday School, Y.M.M.I.A. and Y.W.M.I.A., the Primary, and the seminaries. He showed plainly "how effective the Church is in its divine organization in touching the life and activities of every member therein."

President Richards set forth for the edification of Church members, some features of the missionary program, notably "planned teaching of the gospel to investigators . . . ."

Teaching with testimony, he characterized as the epitome of missionary effort.

He outlined the standardized program, mentioning lessons used by the missionaries on: the Godhead; the apostacy; the restoration; The Book of Mormon; followed by the teaching of the principles of the gospel and the eternal plan of salvation as they affect the individual lives of all men; the call to repentance; and humility. He pointed out:

> There is a feature of this missionary teaching not confined to any one lesson, but running throughout the entire program, which deserves special mention. It is the constant emphasis on the principle that it is the truth.

President Richards appealed to the homes visited by the missionaries "to listen with an open mind, and with a measure of patience." He also declared that the consistency of the living of Latter-day Saints will make an invaluable contribution to the missionary program.

President Clark expressed gratitude for, "a sixth sense," which a non-member once referred to in jest as a sense that enables one to believe Mormonism. He pointed out:

> This gospel . . . has been the same gospel from the beginning, not always understood, not always preached, but it has been the plan of life, salvation, and exaltation from the time it was taught to Adam . . . . I am happy that we Latter-day Saints have blessings and a heritage that teaches us the truths of this everlasting gospel.

He recounted one by one the marvelous blessings enjoyed by the Latter-day Saints. "We are blessed, I was going to say, beyond all, in our knowledge, our testimony, our witness that Jesus is the Christ."

He said in closing:

> I bear you my testimony again that the authority conferred upon Joseph still is in the Church and that the President of the Church, our great leader, President David O. McKay, is the repository at this moment of all the power and authority that was conferred upon Joseph.

At the first session of the conference, President McKay asked that the spirit of unity and oneness might characterize the first session. In his concluding remarks he said:

> We wish that all within the sound of my voice at this moment, all who have any prejudice in their hearts, might have glimpsed the General Authorities in the House of the Lord last Thursday morning, when they met in fasting and prayer to prepare themselves spiritually for the responsibilities awaiting them in this great conference. You would have glimpsed the unity of the First Presidency and through this transmission of heart to heart, soul to soul, you would have known the love I bear for these two counselors, for their clear vision and sound judgment and their patience with their leader when necessary. You would have glimpsed the unity and love of these twelve men, of their Assistants and of the First Council of Seventy, the Patriarch, and the Presiding Bishopric . . . . We bless you that the spirit of unity and the spirit of testimony of the divinity of this work may abide in your hearts always, that peace and love may be in your homes as never before, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

Truly the entire conference was a feast of the bread of life, and those privileged to attend through the final session left the historic Tabernacle with reluctance, so great had been their spiritual joy throughout the three days.

—M. C. S.

The Meaning of December for Latter-Day Saints

IN this season of the Christmastide our hearts are turned in greater devotion towards our families and friends, and, in remembrance of the precious gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh which were given to our Savior, we offer gifts to our loved ones, and we remember with greetings of good will our friends and acquaintances. And yet it often happens that in the midst of our Christmas plans, and in our hurry to accomplish our more material desires, we forget the true meaning and the sacred significance of the coming of December. It may be that in our own hurry and confusion, we have neglected to teach our children the difference between the festivities associated with Santa Claus and the exchange of gifts, and the reverent remembrance of the season in which we observe the birthday of our Lord. It may be that the message of good will and salvation which fell long ago upon the Palestinian hills has not become an integral enough part of our own lives, and so the earth's greatest heritage may be in danger of being lost to our children.

For Latter-day Saints, the time of Christmas has a particular and a precious import, an additional significance which should increase our thoughtful devotion and give a spiritual illumination to these days of winter.

On the twenty-third day of December in 1805, there was born to Joseph Smith and his wife Lucy, in Sharon, Windsor County, Vermont, a son whom they named Joseph, a boy destined to receive for himself and for all the people of the earth, a divine reaffirmation of the mission of the Lord Jesus, and the Father's design for the eternal progress of his children. Feeling within his heart that the Heavenly Father would answer prayer and give wisdom, as is promised in the Epistle of James, young Joseph, in his fifteenth year, prayed earnestly for direction in his desire to affiliate with some religious organization. The answer was glorious beyond any expectation:

> When the light rested upon me I saw two Personages, whose brightness and glory defy all description, standing above me in the air. One of them spake unto me, calling me by name, and said, pointing to the other—*This is My Beloved Son. Hear Him!* (Joseph Smith 2:17)

This spirit of trust in the Heavenly Father, and in the Father's willingness to draw close to one who sought his guidance, became, in the illuminated years that followed, a directing principle of the restored Church. For it was given to Joseph Smith to re-establish upon the earth the eternal concept of the nature of God and the mission of his Son, Jesus the Christ. It was given to Joseph Smith to witness to the world that the heavens had been opened to him, and he had seen the Father and the Son. Belief in a personal God and adherence to the gospel as practiced in the primitive Church had been lost in the long intervening centuries. The ancient truth, the everlasting ordinances, and the power of the Priesthood were restored to the earth through Joseph Smith, and thus his own generation and the generations fol-

lowing the life of the Prophet, were given the light of the living gospel and a true knowledge of the meaning of the coming of Jesus to the earth.

Thus Christmas and the month of December have a meaning far beyond the holly wreaths and evergreens; far beyond the carols and the anthems; far above the radiant windows of the chapels. For these are but the reflected glow in the shadows of earth. The great illumination is the sure knowledge of the mission of Jesus who has prepared for us an eternal home.

Now what do we hear in the gospel which we have received? A voice of gladness! A voice of mercy from heaven; and a voice of truth out of the earth . . . glad tidings of great joy . . . . And again what do we hear? Glad tidings from Cumorah! Moroni, an angel from heaven, declaring the fulfillment of the prophets . . . (D. & C. 128:19-20).

—V. P. C.

The Paper Santa Claus

Elsie McKinnon Strachan

It is not the size of the Christmas tree
We choose with care each year,
It is not the way its tinsel shines
Nor lights that make it dear;
It is not the packages at its base—
Each one a work of art—
That snows the mind with memories,
And stirs the nostalgic heart.

It's the crayoned, paper Santa Claus,
We hang on the tree with care—
His mended places showing,
His beard in disrepair—
Which causes our reflections, weaves
A dearer family tie,
And we give thanks, for a son man-tall,
For Christmases gone by.

Through Your Eyes

Bernice T. Clayton

The sunrise broke this morning on a bright and glistening world,
As over towering mountain peaks its molten colors hurled
Into this peaceful valley, which still slumbered here below,
In heavy winter underwear and comforters of snow.
The sight of so much glory in the flaming morning skies
Caught at my heart, that heaven should be glimpsed by mortal eyes.
The freezing air tore at my clothes with penetrating cold,
And on the counterpane of snow were footprints fresh and bold,
Where hunger-driven wild-life folks, insensible to harm,
Had come to share the bounty and the shelter of our farm.
Footprints of timid hare and quail, and on our snow-filled lawn,
Were pheasants, while our youngest calf shared his breakfast with a fawn.

Josef Muench

POINSETTIAS

Right After Christmas

Ida M. Pardue

TAKE time out after the excitement of Christmas to give a different kind of social. This is an afternoon of sharing memories—with each person telling her oddest, funniest, or most vivid Christmas memory.

Memories? Everyone has them. Yourself, for instance. Wasn't there ever a Christmas that was particularly gay—or sad? How did you feel when you learned that Santa Claus did not honor your home just in December—but lived there all year round? Remember the present of a wiggling puppy that had to be chased all over the room after knocking down the tree?

Once started, you'll be surprised at the eagerness with which someone will say, "Oh, that reminds me . . . !" and they'll all be off.

The storytelling begins as soon as guests are comfortably settled with refreshments. Keep them simple. Provide a good beverage (hot chocolate is good), a plate of dainty sandwiches, and perhaps some cookies or fruitcake. A dish of nuts and candy would be welcome, too.

Arrange the food buffet style before the guests arrive. For a centerpiece, stand a single red or green candle in an apple, with a sprig of greenery on either side, or tuck a few brightly colored bulbs into a pine bough. A shallow dish piled with an assortment of ornaments makes a gay centerpiece, also.

Sandwich Suggestion

Cream cheese spread on rounds of brown bread, or date-and-nut bread, both of which come in cans and are quite inexpensive, is delectable. So are deviled egg fingers—made by spreading devild egg mixture on a slice of bread with crusts off, then cutting the slice into three lengths. Or cut the slices crosswise into four triangles.

The hostess starts the storytelling. After that someone will probably voluntarily continue.

Be prepared to hear some amazing tales. In one such group a very popular girl stunned listeners when she said she had never known a real Christmas. Reared by a maiden aunt who considered Christmas "foolish," this girl had never eaten a holiday dinner, never enjoyed a decorated tree, and never received a gaily wrappd gift.

Another girl fascinated the same group with a vivid description of the tree decorations cherished for generations in her family. Handmade in Sweden, the ornaments had been brought to America by her grandparents and were as much a part of the Yule celebration as St. Nick and mince pie.

Refill chocolate cups and pass the sandwich plate between tales. By the time everyone has spoken, you'll find many minutes have flown on swift wings—that your afternoon has itself become a memory—one which you may want to repeat every year thereafter, perhaps even with the same guests.

Gift Wrapping

Elizabeth Williamson

A very attractive gift wrapping tied with pinked calico strips will surprise and delight your friends. Simply cut strips from quaint prints or small patterned calico into the desired lengths. Many times there are strips left over from dresses, aprons, or quilts, which can be used instead of throwing them away.

The paper on the package is more attractive if it matches the calico ties. (That is, if the color of the paper is the predominant color of the print). Occasionally, it is possible to match the paper to the print. For example, a polka-dot design.

This idea can be used for children's projects, or for little children who are staying in bed who love to cut with pinking scissors. Try this idea at a shower sometime, and see if your gift package is not singled out as being unique.

Hal Rumel

MANTEL ARRANGEMENT BY FLORENCE WILLIAMS

Again It's Christmas!

Helen S. Williams

HERE comes Christmas! The time for gift giving, for singing, for decorating, for knowing the joy and happiness of belonging!

It's the time to make our homes gay and bright with color and happiness. Let's make this Christmas the most beautiful one we've ever had. Let's make our rooms, mantels, tables express the joy of Christmas season so that all who enter our doors will feel our love and enthusiasm for this special season.

With pine on the mantle and stars of hope hanging above, and with mistletoe hung here and there to give an excuse for a warm embrace, with the aroma of delicious, wonderful food from spicy, fragrant kitchens, Christmas welcomes us once again into that season of seasons when love for each other reigns supreme.

Fireplaces and mantels are part of the Christmas morning welcome. What could be more heartwarmingly natural than a Yule log fire burning brightly beneath a rustic mantel decoration like the one that Florence Williams has in her hospitable and beautiful home.

The broad mantel is banked with soft green Ponderosa pine boughs, with huge brown cones that grow right on the trees. How fortunate you are if you live near a pine grove where these beautiful old trees grow. What fun you can have taking your family to forest areas where permission for cutting boughs can be obtained, and gathering them for Christmas adornment, decorating, and wrappings.

Florence has banked the pines high in the center of the mantel because her ceiling is high and her mirror is spacious. Three stars of hope hang above. These are cut from plastic foam. She trimmed them with sequins and pearls, and wisely she has spaced them irregularly to give balance and interest.

The fireplace mitten hanging at the side of the fireplace is almost solid with the gayest and brightest of sequins you could imagine. Little tinkling bells edge the cuff. Florence thought the gay mit might encourage the youngsters to keep the log box full and the fire constantly burning.

Grownups as well as the little ones warm to the welcome and beauty of stars of hope, pines, and warm fires. Yes, again it's Christmas, and once more we tingle in anticipation of making our homes and hearts ready to welcome neighbors, friends, and family to our hearthsides.

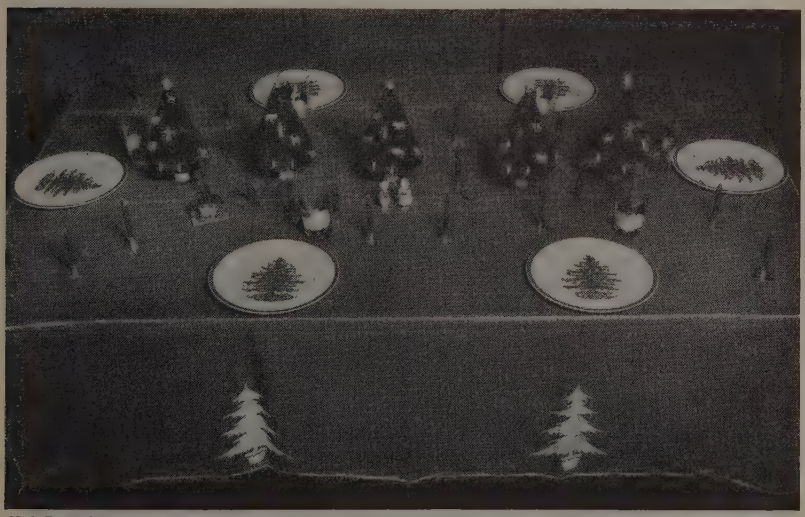
A Table to Delight Children

THE Christmas season draws near, and with it come ideas, suggestions, and pictures for ways to decorate tables, mantels, windows, and doors. Christmas is a glorious time of the year, for hearts and spirits are aglow with warmth and friendliness. Homes seem to breathe a special welcome to friends and families at the Yuletide season, and all the world is aglow with color.

Florence Williams has done this table in the old traditional Christmas colors, red and green, and, after all, they are favorites for nearly everyone. She has used the symbols of Christmas that awaken memories of our childhood and make us nostalgic for the youth that once was ours. If only we had the genius to recapture those days again for our loved ones!

The tablecloth, handmade of heavy linen, is of Christmas red, with Christmas trees of white braid appliqued on it. While not all of us own picturesque English Spode Christmas tree plates, which add so much to the festive appearance of this table, we can all have the glasses with snow scenes and individual names.

Christmas decals can be bought at stationery or hobby shops, and these can be



Hal Rumel

TABLE ARRANGEMENT BY FLORENCE WILLIAMS

handpainted to add color and richness, then applied to the glass. They have their own glue. If you have a way with sketching, you could draw your own snow Christmas scenes on a piece of paper to fit the base of the glass perfectly, then freehand the scene with enamel paint to the glass. The enamel and the decals hold up remarkably well for several washings. Call to your aid someone who prints or writes especially well to do the names on your glasses, for if the names are well done, your tumbler will have an added professional appearance.

These glasses serve as place cards and individual gifts for the guests as a reminder of the Christmasy, hospitable time spent at your home during the Yule season. Your guests will love them.

The artistic candleholders are made of brass tubing, and their bases are cut in the shape of stars. Florence made a paper pattern for the base, and then, with tin snips, had no trouble cutting the brass in perfect shape. The tubing is held in place with drippings from the candles, or could be glued with Ameo glue. These holders, with their bright red Christmas candles, add just the right touch to these festive decorations.

The cornucopia Christmas trees were made of fuzzy green paper, but these could be made of green felt, glued to stiffened cardboard. Tiny painted cows, horses, men, sheep, and dogs, are glued to the trees. The little figures delight the small fry. They can be purchased at dime stores, perhaps, or could be made of heavy cardboard paper and painted with enamel paint. On top of each tree is a wooden Santa head to give the finishing touch for the Christmas look.

If Florence can create or find all these unique touches to do things differently and picturesquely—so can you!

The houses and the figurines placed here and there on the table came from Sweden. They are handcarved of wood and are exact replicas of the quaint little cottages from overseas. Perhaps they will give you ideas of something similar you have and can use, some old treasures that have been tucked away for years. Get them out and use them this Christmas.

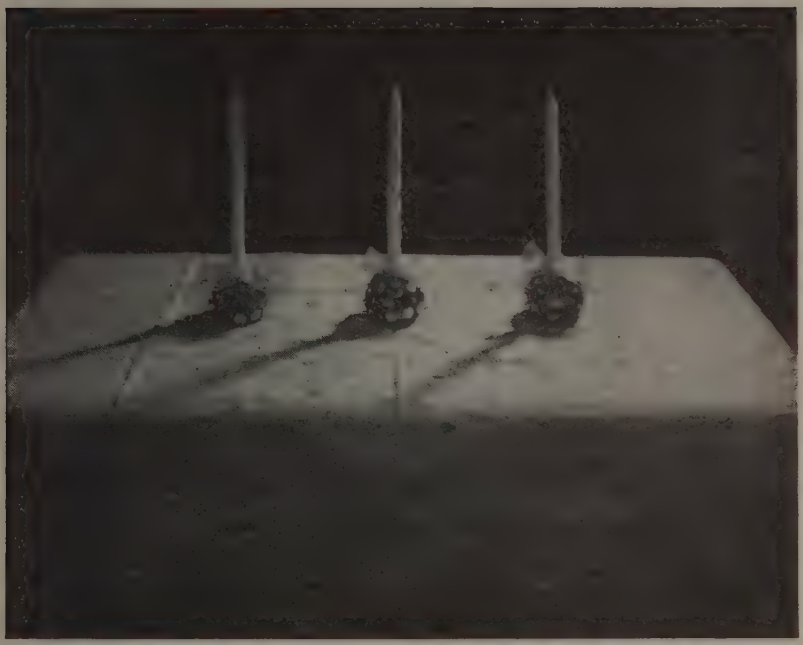
Each article on this table could be made by members of the family, the carved wooden figures, the candleholders, the little cornucopia Christmas trees. Anyone with a sewing machine could make the festive tablecloth of either red or green. You might even use tinkling brass bells sewed here and there in place of these embroidered trees if you should choose. Pin the bells on with small gold safety pins, then there is no trouble when laundering is needed.

Florence hopes that this table she has done for Christmas may inspire you to create unique and festive ideas of your own. Remember to look in your cupboards for old figurines. Perhaps from some far-off land a missionary has sent home mementos to make your Christmas table different and exciting.

These ideas are sent to you by Florence because she knows what real joy comes when you do something that will make children's laughter ring through the house, something that will make grownups smile and sing, something that will make a song spontaneously come to your own heart, when, through your labor and love, you have created an atmosphere for the spirit of Christmas to abide in your home at this season.

Christmas Goes Formal

HERE is another and quite different type of Christmas table created by Florence. It carries the Yuletide motif, and in its simplicity and lovely soft colors, gives evidence again of her unusual versatility as an artist. The elegance of it will be enhanced because on this table will be laid only the family heirloom china, beautiful old silver, and rare crystal. It is an exquisite formal table laid for an ideal number of guests—six or eight—who will probably wear their best holiday attire to grace it. Good conversation, gay Christmas happiness will enhance the occasion, and the soft candle glow will give a radiance to the event.



Hal Rumel

FORMAL TABLE ARRANGEMENT BY FLORENCE WILLIAMS

The tablecloth is an imported Italian one of finest sheer pink linen with appliques in white embroidered designs. Because the cloth, china, silver, and crystal will be the real enhancement of the table, Florence has used perfect taste in her choice of simple, yet beautiful table decorations.

Three tall, stately pink candles are placed down the center of the table. They bespeak the Christmas elegance in a soft, subtle way. Each candle stands in a ball made of plastic foam which was purchased at the florist's or a variety store.

These Christmas balls were dyed with a deep pinkish dye paint, then brushed with liquid glue. While the glue was still moist, gold glass dust was sprinkled over them. The paint, glue, and gold dust can be purchased at most any paint store.

Next, pink and gold sequins were added. These were fastened into the Christmas balls with a long headed pearl pin. The effect is a glorified Christmas ornament in soft pastel shades, which is beautiful because of its simplicity.

At the base of each candle is tied a soft bow of pink malme about two inches wide on which has been sprinkled gold dust and sequins.

This Christmas do more entertaining in your home, for there is no place like it. It's where we make and share wonderful memories and experiences with those we love best. Each occasion calls for a different type of table setting and decoration. Whether it is a table set to delight the hearts of children, or whether it is a table of soft richness and luxury, where older members of the family can bask in its loveliness and feel the warmth of Christmas cheer, let your entertaining express the warmth and sincerity of your Christmas hospitality.

Homebound Woman Makes Hand-Pieced Quilts

Marinda Christena Peterson, Blackfoot, Idaho, Keeps Herself Busy and Makes Others Happy

MRS. Marinda Christena Peterson, who has been a widow for twenty-eight years, and a homebound invalid for eighteen years, has found a hobby that keeps her fingers flying and brings much happiness to her family and friends. Now eighty-six years old, she has donated more than twenty quilts to the Relief Society, and she holds membership in the Groveland Ward, Blackfoot Stake. Her favorite quilt pattern is the Double Wedding Ring, although she has pieced many other patterns and has made original designs. She does all her quilt piecing by hand, lying on her back, and averages about two quilt tops each month.

Mrs. Peterson was born in Goshen, Utah, and moved to Idaho in 1905. She has six children and fifteen grandchildren, and many friends.

One Story

Gene Romolo

One story—though so many ages old,
Grows, every year, more lovely with retelling,
The fragrant gifts more sweet, more pure than gold,
And more divinely precious the anthems welling
From angels' lips to shepherds and Wise Men,
Who, star-led, found the Lord in Bethlehem.

Contentment Is a Lovely Thing

Chapter 3

Dorothy S. Romney

Synopsis: Margaret Lansing, whose husband Jed has become a farmer contrary to the wishes of his parents, is worried over the visit of Jed's father, a prominent brain surgeon, and his wife, whom she had never seen. Just before their arrival Margaret is taken ill, and since the young couple find it impossible to get help, the mother-in-law assumes the care of the household and the baby Kimmy. She tries to persuade Jed to return with them to the city and resume his medical studies, and Margaret thinks that the difficult work around the farm home has made her mother-in-law more than ever opposed to country life.

WHEN Jed came to her before he had his lunch, she knew immediately that she had been right, that his mother had worked beyond her strength, and that she was not enjoying her visit.

Jed's voice was flat with discouragement. "Did Mrs. Jackson say when she would be back?" were his first words to her. "I think I'd better try to get her to come in and help out here," he continued.

"I'm sorry, Jed, that I made such a mess of things," she burst out, ignoring his question for the moment.

"I didn't say you had made a mess of things," he said patiently. "You couldn't help getting sick. It's just that Mother and Dad both needed a rest, and they're not getting one."

"Mrs. Jackson didn't say when she would be back, she probably didn't know," Margaret answered wearily.

"I could ask Liza to come in for a day or two," Jed said.

He left the bedroom abruptly and Margaret heard him dial a number. The house was quiet except for Jed's low voice on the telephone.

Apparently Kimmy was taking his nap. Dr. Lansing had donned overalls, and Margaret could see him busy repairing the broken fence that Jed had forgotten to fix in his excitement over the stalled station wagon yesterday. She saw Mrs. Lansing pass the window, carrying a basket of freshly washed clothes, then return to the house again, probably having forgotten the clothespins. Her shoulders seemed to droop with fatigue.

After a short time the telephone conversation terminated, and a few minutes later Jed came into the bedroom carrying a luncheon tray.

"I invited the Hawkins family over this afternoon to meet Mother and Dad," he announced, setting the tray down on the bedside table.

"You invited the Hawkins family over here!" Margaret said incredulously, "with me unable to get up and prepare refreshments . . . or anything."

"*En masse*," he answered blithely.

Margaret couldn't believe her ears. A few moments ago Jed had been in the depths of despair because of the load of work that had been put on his parents on their first visit to the farm. The visit that she hoped would be a delightful vacation for them, and now Jed was deliberately inviting a houseful of guests.

"I thought you called Liza to ask her to come in and help out here. Instead, someone will have to get busy and prepare refreshments, and we certainly can't ask your mother to do it," Margaret said, more than a little piqued.

THEN she gave Jed a long, searching look, and there was no mistaking the outward signs. "Jed Lansing, you're up to something," she said.

"Well," he confessed, "when Liza told me she was making a freezer of ice cream and baking cookies, and that she would invite us over if you weren't ill, I sort of got the idea that it would be a good time to ask the Hawkins to meet the elder Lansings, and . . . ."

"Jed, you didn't?" Margaret interrupted, knowing full well that he had—that he had invited Liza to bring her family over with the stipulation that she furnish her own refreshments.

"Not exactly," Jed countered, knowing just what Margaret meant. "Liza said she'd like to meet Mother and Dad . . . and, well, we sort of worked it out together. Liza is bringing the ice cream and cookies with her."

"But Jed! The Hawkinses of all people! I know they're good-hearted and all that . . . ."

"The salt of the earth," declared Jed firmly.

"But they're almost the last people in town I'd think of inviting over to meet your folks. They're just—well, diamonds in the rough. If Liza had any sense of the proper amenities she wouldn't have offered to come over here when I'm ill."

"I'm not sure of the meaning of your five-dollar word," replied Jed cheerfully, "but I do know that they're coming. And don't take it so hard. I'll bet that Mother and Dad will love them, the same as we do."

"Jed—please call and ask them to postpone it for just a day or two," she pleaded.

"I can't. The ice cream is already made. Be a good girl and maybe I'll bring you some." With that he punched her pillow and strode from the room.

Maybe they'll be awed by Jed's folks and Liza will let someone else do part of the talking, thought Margaret hopefully. Maybe Jim will wear his teeth. Maybe Ellie and Nina will have something else to do and stay home. Maybe—oh, it was use! She groaned and buried her face in the pillow. Nothing ever yet bothered any of the Hawkinses and nothing ever would.

She heard them the moment they arrived. Liza's loud voice, friendly, brimming over with love for her fellow men—but loud just the same. Jim's muffled tones—he hadn't worn his teeth—and the two girls' giggly comments.

She was grateful that she couldn't hear the details of the conversation, but one look at Jed's face, when he brought in the promised ice cream, told her that the afternoon had not been a success.

When Mrs. Lansing came in later to ask what she would like for supper, Margaret replied, "Oh, just a bowl of soup, please. There is plenty on the supply shelf. Maybe that would do for everyone. You must be completely worn out."

"It has been rather a tiring day," assented Mrs. Lansing.

THE next morning Margaret was wracking her brains to try and think of someone who might be persuaded to come over and help with the housework, when she heard a sharp scream, followed by sounds of confusion both inside and out of the house.

She threw back the covers and stood wobbly upon her feet. She gripped the end of the bed and was reaching for her robe when Jed came in. Without a word he pushed her back into the bed and pulled up the covers.

"What is it?" she asked breathless. "What on earth happened?"

"Mother was outside watching Kimmy, and Mrs. Jackson's pigs came rushing through the fence—yes, the one Dad was working on—and they made Mother trip and fall."

"Oh, how awful!" cried Margaret, "is she hurt? Of course the pigs are hungry. We've forgotten to feed them since Mrs. Jackson left. Jed, we simply must get some help. Start with the A's and go through the phone book. Tell them it's just for a day or two. I can surely get up tomorrow."

"I'll try," he agreed. "Mother is just shaken up, but I'm getting desperate."

Margaret heard him calling on the telephone and later talking with his father on the front porch. He must have been successful in getting someone. She could probably get up tomorrow, and they could go ahead with their plans for entertainment. After all, there were still five days left of the scheduled visit.

She started making plans for the garden party she would have. She would invite everybody in the ward and when the Lansings learned what really fine people they were, they couldn't help being completely won over. She had just finished making arrangements with the weather man for a clear, moon-bright night for the affair, when Jed came in from the porch.

"Margaret," he began with an air of apology, "I hope you won't mind too much. Mother feels as if she might be getting the flu unless she rests, and she doesn't want to stay here and be a burden on you, so she and Dad are leaving in the morning, since you will be able to be up. Dad can do some fishing while Mother rests."

"You mean they're not staying the week out?" she asked, blankly.

"I'm afraid that's right."

The note of finality in his tone struck her with the impact of a physical blow. They had come to the farm for a restful vacation and to get acquainted with her and Kimmy. Instead they had found nothing but hard work.

There was a grayness beginning beyond the windows, and a distant roll of thunder. An approaching storm always meant hurried preparations. Jed rushed out to make ready for the second storm of the short spring season.

A complete sense of failure closed in on Margaret. The heavy clouds that she could see through the window suited her mood exactly. She would weep with them. But would there be a rainbow? She doubted it. Anyway, she would be back on her own two feet tomorrow.

SUMMER'S beginning was always a time of joy in the valley. The very air seemed to be filled with a friendly content, the earth's reawakening showing in the fresh green of the fields and gardens, in the gloriously delicate blossoms that festooned the orchards, giving promise of a bountiful harvest. Jed and Margaret had always found new happiness each spring in the awareness of nature's fulfillment.

But this spring, with her strength returning slowly, Margaret's spirits felt no soaring. Mrs. Jackson had come back from her sister's, and Margaret welcomed her kind solicitousness.

This morning, Mrs. Jackson had insisted on doing the heavier duties in the kitchen, while Margaret managed the lighter work, at the same time trailing around after Kimmy, keeping him out of mischief.

She finished tidying up the bedroom and steered Kimmy's pattering feet into the kitchen just in time to meet Jed as he came in from the barn to eat his lunch.

"Hi, honey," he greeted. He picked Kimmy up and swung him up on his shoulder, then asked. "Is everybody all set for the ward supper tonight?"

"All set," Margaret answered. "Smell those delicious pies Mrs. Jackson just finished baking."

The pies Mrs. Jackson had baked to take to the ward supper were set in a row on the kitchen table, still steaming hot from the oven.

This would be Margaret's first time out since her illness, and as practically everyone in the community always attended these affairs, she was looking forward to greeting friends she had not seen for many weeks. Tonight's supper had been planned to raise funds toward building a new chapel. Jed was chairman and he wanted it to be a big success. He had been so busy and happy the past few weeks that Margaret hoped it meant a return to their old feeling of contentment. She knew that since his parents' brief visit and their sudden departure, he had begun to feel again that he was neglecting his duty toward them.

Margaret had prepared a single sandwich for Jed's lunch, and poured a glass of the rich, cold milk that was his favorite beverage, and set it on the breadboard so as not to disturb the cooling pies.

"What gave you the idea that I had lost my appetite, lady?" Jed asked, when he saw the sparse lunch set out for him.

"We're all saving our appetites for tonight," she explained.

"Hmm . . . just like that," he said.

Just then Mrs. Jackson came out of the pantry, a twinkle in her eye, and a berry pie, smaller than the other pies, but smelling every bit as delicious, in her hand.

"All for you," she declared, setting the pie down in front of Jed. "I knew Margaret would try to starve you today."

At exactly five o'clock the pies were packed into a container and loaded into the back seat of the station wagon, along with the paper plates, napkins, and silverware Margaret had been asked to furnish. Jed, Margaret, Mrs. Jackson, holding a radiant Kimmy on her lap, crowded noisily into the front seat of the old car.

They were among the first to reach the church. Liza and Jim were

already there, with their three sturdy little boys, and Liza's mother, Mrs. Andrews, a sweet old lady, and one of Margaret's best friends. Mrs. Andrews had been a semi-invalid for as many years as Margaret could remember. She took a friendly interest in everything that went on in the community, and was always ready to give advice and counsel whenever she could.

As Margaret had had strict orders from both Jed and Mrs. Jackson to keep away from the heat of the kitchen, she sat down to chat with Sister Andrews, glad of a chance to catch up on the local news, while the two of them kept an eye on Kimmy and the ambitious Hawkins youngsters.

Mrs. Andrews' first words to Margaret were, "I guess there's no point in beating around the bush. Jed's folks left in kind of a hurry, didn't they?"

"Yes, Dr. Lansing had to get back," Margaret answered, and felt her color rise with the half-truth she had spoken. It was foolish not to tell Mrs. Andrews of the difficulties that had arisen, and of Jed's parents' obvious disappointment in the life he had chosen.

(To be continued)

Turntable

Maude Rubin

Just what would be the dire result
If Junior spoke as an adult
And shouted, "Goodness! How you've grown!"
Then in the same inquiring tone
Would brightly go right on to say:
"Let's see, how old are you today?"
Just what would be the dire result
If Junior spoke TO an adult?

From an Old Trunk

Angelyn W. Wadley

Two beautiful ladies have called on me;
They are very distinguished, it's plain to see.
Each carries an elegant evening bag,
And they hold up their skirts so the hems won't drag
As they mince along in the carefulest way
In high-heeled shoes that have had their day.
Those hats were never designed for those dresses,
And they slip askew on the soft young tresses.
But royal court ladies dresesd for a ball,
Couldn't look any prouder or sweeter at all.

What a surging of memories their query brings!
"Mama, when and where did you wear these things?"

"As Little Children"

Virginia M. Kammeyer

SALLY was mixing fruitcake when Bill passed through the kitchen on his way to the basement. When he came up twenty minutes later for a drink of water, she was watching a television program and dreamily cutting dates onto the kitchen table.

"Watch it!" Bill said. Sally jumped and looked in surprise at the pile of fruit on the table.

Bill had bought the TV for their sixth wedding anniversary, and Sally had wanted it placed so she could see it from the kitchen while she worked. The results, so far, had been disastrous. Sally had sliced her finger while she watched "Aunt Maggie's Cooking Bee"; she had poured Worcestershire sauce into a caramel pudding while observing the "Name the Game" program, and the purple stain in the linoleum was grape juice she abstractedly poured on the floor while viewing, "Break and Take."

Holding Sally's rapt attention now was a woman in an absurd hat, her voice a gurgle.

"It's Mrs. Hugo Quayle from the Happy Life League," Sally explained. "She's talking about 'We are Deceiving our Children.'"

Bill took a drink of water and came closer to look at Mrs. Hugo Quayle. "Looks to me like she thought she'd wandered from a more exalted sphere."

"Bill! Mrs. Quayle has been saying that today's children live in a world of fantasy—television, radio, the movies."

"That's bad?"

"Mrs. Quayle says that unless our children are awakened to a world of reality, they won't adjust properly when they are adults. We must throw away the fairy tales."

"Nuts," said Bill and went back downstairs.

Sally did not dismiss Mrs. Hugo Quayle so lightly. Was she doing her duty as a mother? Karl and Ann seemed like normal children, but they did spend a great deal of time in games of make-believe. Karl's dream of the future was to be a cowboy and ride the range in a silk embroidered shirt. Would it be too great a shock to his system when he found out that cowboys do not, for the most part, wear silk shirts, and very few of them have horses that can untie knots?

The mail truck stopped out by the road. When it passed on, there was a large package sticking half out of the box.

The children, who a moment ago had been playing in the yard, were now standing on tiptoe, tugging at the package. Sally hurried across the lawn and helped them pull it out.

"It says, *To Karl and Ann.*"

"Oh, boy!"

"It also says, *Do not open until Christmas.*"

"Oh."

"Who's it from, Mommy?" Karl was prancing about, his hazel eyes shining. "Is it from Santa Claus?"

Sober, brown-eyed Ann echoed his words.

"I bet it's from Santa Claus."

"I'll bet it's from Grandpa and

Grandmommy, because it's postmarked Salt Lake City."

"Does Grandpa wear a red suit?" asked Ann.

"No!" scoffed Karl. "Grandpa .... What does Grandpa look like?"

"Why Grandpa is very young looking. His hair is still black. And Grandmommy is little and plump."

Sally felt a sudden pang. It had been two years since her parents had seen the children. Grandpa and Grandmommy in Salt Lake were the only grandparents that Karl and Ann knew, since Bill's mother and father were not living. Ann had been two and Karl three. Of course they didn't remember. Grandmommy's health had been too poor for them to make the long drive again, and every time Bill got a vacation, something happened, it seemed, so they and the children couldn't make the trip to Salt Lake.

"Is Grandpa gonna come on Christmas an' bring us lots of presents?" persisted Ann.

"No, darling, you're getting Grandpa mixed up with Santa Claus. Santa Claus is ...." She stopped.

This was what Mrs. Hugo Quayle meant by children living in a world of unreality. Because they only knew Grandpa as a man who sent them presents, they confused him with Santa Claus.

WALKING back across the frozen lawn, Sally resolved firmly to set them straight. She led the children into the living room, set them on the sofa and drew up a chair before them. Bill's power saw was still humming in the basement where he was making a doll house for Ann.

"Karl, Ann, Santa Claus is not a *real man*."

They looked at her blankly. "He is just *imaginary*. Santa never brings you presents, because there isn't any Santa Claus. All the gifts you get are from other people."

"But ...." A puzzled look broke out on Karl's face. "I saw him ... uptown, in a store window."

"That was just a man dressed up," Sally explained patiently. "Like ... like you dress up like Roy Rogers."

Karl gave a noncommital "Oh," looked thoughtful for a moment, and then dashed off to play. Ann followed.

There! Sally thought triumphantly. Now we'll have an *honest* Christmas. No little fat man in a red suit is going to get credit he doesn't deserve.

In the next quickly passing days, Sally made plum puddings and fancy cookies, sent the last of the Christmas cards, and on Saturday took the children shopping.

They entered Lee and Johnson's Department Store. On a huge dais in the middle of the glittering main floor sat a jolly figure with a magnificent white flowing beard.

"Santa Claus!" Ann tugged at Sally's hand. Karl had already dashed over to get a closer look.

"It's not really Santa Claus, darling. I told you. It's just a *man*."

Santa extended a mittened hand and said in a rich, booming voice, "Would you like to sit on Santa's lap, little boy, and tell me what you want for Christmas?"

Karl hesitated, looked at his mother.

"We have to get Daddy's pres-

(*Continued on page 860*)

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology—Characters and Teachings of The Book of Mormon

Lesson 30—Moroni and the Nephite Armies Serve Their Country and Their Church

Elder Leland H. Monson

(Text: The Book of Mormon: Alma, chapters 43-49)

For Tuesday, March 1, 1955

Objective: To show that the Lord will not suffer his people to be destroyed, if they remain righteous and uphold the truth.

Invasions of Lamanites

FOLLOWING Alma's great teachings and admonitions to his his three sons, they went forth in the power of the Priesthood among the people to preach the gospel. Alma "himself could not rest" so he also preached.

At this time in the history of the Nephites, about seventy-three years before the birth of Christ, there began a series of invasions by the Lamanites who captured some cities of the Nephites.

During the dark years of war, a great military leader Moroni arose among the Nephites who was named chief captain at twenty-five years of age, and given command of all the armies of the Nephites. Not only was he a great military genius, he was also a mighty spiritual leader. When Moroni was faced with a decision on the war, he turned to Alma and sought the will of the Lord through him.

The first invasion of the Lamanites was into the land of Antionum, occupied by the apostate Nephites, the Zoramites, who had become Lamanites. Zerahemnah, leader of the Lamanites, wished to ". . . usurp great power over them, and also that he might gain power over the Nephites by bringing them into bondage" (Alma 43:8). Through this knowledge of those under him, he recognized that the Amalekites, who were also apostate Nephites ". . . were of a more wicked and murderous disposition than the Lamanites were . . ." (Alma 43:6),

and so all the chief captains whom he appointed were either Amalekites or Zoramites.

The intention of the Lamanites throughout the wars that followed was either to destroy the Nephites or bring them into bondage that they might hold sway over all the land. The desire of the Nephites, on the other hand, was to preserve their lands, to be allowed to support their wives and children, to preserve their liberty, and their Church. When successes came to the Nephites, they came because of the righteousness of Moroni, his prayerful conduct of the war, and the valor of his armies who put their trust in the Lord and called upon him to spare them in their dire extremity. However, many of the Nephites, at this time, were unrighteous, and so brought upon all the Nephites afflictions and troubles.

The way Moroni armed his men and fortified his cities as told in The Book of Mormon, reminds one of the way the Europeans did in the Middle Ages. He put on them breastplates, arm-shields, head shields, and thick clothing. Their weapons were the sword, cimeters, bows and arrows, stones and slings.

When the Lamanites observed the protection given the Nephites by their armor, they copied it and armed their own warriors in like manner. However, when they came upon a Nephite city in their new armor, they discovered that the wisdom of Moroni had kept the Nephites a step ahead in the wonderful new way he had fortified the city. (See Alma 50:1-6.)

Battle at Manti

In the beginning of the war, the Lamanites withdrew from Antionum when they found how well protected the Nephite army was, even though fewer in numbers. When the Lamanites withdrew into the wilderness, Moroni was very desirous of knowing their next point of attack, so he sent spies after them in the wilderness and then:

> . . . knowing of the prophecies of Alma, sent certain men unto him, desiring him that he should inquire of the Lord whither the armies of the Nephites should go to defend themselves against the Lamanites. And it came to pass that the word of the Lord came unto Alma, and Alma informed the messengers of Moroni, that the armies of the Lamanites were marching round about in the wilderness, that they might come over into the land of Manti, that they might commence an attack upon the weaker part of the people . . . (Alma 43:23-24).

Through this warning, Moroni prepared the people of Manti, and by dividing his army and through stratagem (for ". . . he thought it no sin that he should defend them by stratagem . . . " (Alma 43:30) because of the evil intentions of the Lamanites), the Lamanites were defeated although ". . . never had the Lamanites been known to fight with such exceeding great strength and courage, no, not even from the beginning" (Alma 43:43). When the Nephites, whose army was less than half as large as the enemy's, were about to flee, Moroni inspired them with ". . . thoughts of their lands, their liberty, yea, their freedom from bondage." Thus inspired ". . . they turned upon the Lamanites, and they cried with one voice unto the Lord their God . . . and in that selfsame hour that they cried unto the Lord for their freedom, the Lamanites began to flee before them . . ." (Alma 43:48 ff.)

When the Lamanites saw they were encircled and Moroni saw they were ". . . struck with terror" (Alma 43:53), so charitable was Moroni that he stopped the fighting and said:

. . . Behold, Zerahemnah, that we do not desire to be men of blood. Ye know that ye are in our hands, yet we do not desire to slay you (Alma 44:1).

He then pointed out that the Lord was with the Nephites:

. . . because of our religion and our faith in Christ . . . and never will the Lord suffer that we shall be destroyed except we should fall into transgression and deny our faith (Alma 44:3-4).

Have a class member read all of Alma 44:4.

Moroni pled with Zerahemnah. If the Lamanites would deliver up their weapons and go their way, and vow to come no more to war against the Nephites, he promised the Lamanites he would spare their lives. Zerahemnah agreed to deliver up his weapons, but he said, ". . . we will not suffer ourselves to take an oath unto you, which we know that we shall break, and also our children . . ." (Alma 44:8), nor would he acknowledge that God had delivered the Nephites, but said it was their superior armor.

Moroni said, ". . . I cannot recall the words which I have spoken . . ." (Alma 44:11), therefore the battle was resumed. But when Zerahemnah rushed forward to kill Moroni, a soldier of Moroni's broke Zerahemnah's sword off at the hilt and took off his scalp. Zerahemnah withdrew among his own soldiers. Many Lamanites then came forth willing to enter into a covenant of peace. These, the Nephites allowed to depart into the wilderness. The battle then was waged more fiercely than ever, until finally Zerahemnah capitulated and entered into a covenant of peace, and the remainder of his army departed into the wilderness.

And the armies of the Nephites, or of Moroni, returned and came to their houses and their lands. And thus ended the eighteenth year of the reign of the judges over the people of Nephi. And thus ended the record of Alma, which was written upon the plates of Nephi (Alma 44:23-24).

Alma Entrusts Records to Helaman

The Nephites rejoiced to be delivered from the Lamanites and ". . . they did fast much and pray much, and they did worship God with exceeding great joy" (Alma 45:1). Helaman, son of Alma, continued the record of the wars (Alma, chapters 45-62). Helaman wrote that his father, Alma, came to him in the nineteenth year of the reign of the judges. After testing the faith of Helaman by asking if he believed in Jesus Christ, in the words which he, Alma, had spoken concerning the records which had been kept, and, after Helaman's promising to keep Alma's commandments with all his heart, Alma revealed a prophecy to his son Helaman which Helaman was told to record, but not to make known to the people living at this time. Alma declared: ". . . what I prophesy unto thee shall not be made known, even until the prophecy is fulfilled . . ." (Alma 45:9).

Then Helaman was told of the dwindling in unbelief of the Nephites:

. . . in four hundred years from the time that Jesus Christ shall manifest himself unto them . . . . Yea, and then shall

they see wars and pestilences, yea, famines and bloodshed, even until the people of Nephi shall become extinct . . . yea, I say unto you, that because they shall sin against so great light and knowledge . . . that from that day, even the fourth generation shall not all pass away before this great iniquity shall come . . . . But whosoever remaineth, and is not destroyed in that great and dreadful day, shall be numbered among the Lamanites, and shall become like unto them, all, save it be a few who shall be called the disciples of the Lord; and them shall the Lamanites pursue even until they shall become extinct. And now, because of iniquity, this prophecy shall be fulfilled (Alma 45:10 ff.).

When Alma had said these things to Helaman, he blessed him and also his other sons and ". . . blessed the earth for the righteous' sake" (Alma 45:15). Alma also said:

. . . Thus saith the Lord God—Cursed shall be . . . this land, unto every nation, kindred, tongue, and people, unto destruction, which do wickedly, when they are fully ripe . . . for this is the cursing and the blessing of God upon the land, for the Lord cannot look upon sin with the least degree of allowance (Alma 45:16).

After saying these words Alma blessed the Church and:

. . . departed out of the land of Zarahemla, as if to go into the land of Melek. And . . . he was never heard of more; as to his death or burial we know not of. Behold, this we know, that he was a righteous man and the saying went abroad in the church that he was taken up by the Spirit, or buried by the hand of the Lord, even as Moses . . . (Alma 45:18-19).

Rise of the King-Men; Title of Liberty

Helaman and his brethren went through all the cities to ". . . establish the church again . . ." (Alma 45:22) and appointing ". . . priests and teachers throughout all the land, over all the churches" (Alma 45:22), but because of pride in their great riches, many would not heed the words of Helaman. The leader of the dissenters who were seeking power was Amalickiah who desired to be king. Thus, in spite of their recent great victory over the Lamanites, the Nephites again became divided and their affairs were:

. . . exceedingly precarious and dangerous . . . . Thus we see how quick the children of men do forget the Lord their God, yea, how quick to do iniquity, and to be led away by the evil one (Alma 46:7-8).

When Moroni heard of the dissensions, he was angry with Amalickiah, and Moroni rent his coat and took a piece of it on which he wrote:

. . . In memory of our God, our religion, and freedom, and our peace, our wives, and our children—and he fastened it upon the end of a pole (Alma 46:12).

The Christians (the true believers of Christ) came forth, and casting their rent garments at the feet of Moroni, they covenanted that they would maintain their rights and their religion so that the Lord would bless them.

Moroni related to them a significant prophecy made by Jacob, father of the twelve tribes. (Have a class member read Alma 46:23-27.)

Then Moroni sent throughout the land rallying to his cause all those who would fight for liberty. When Amalickiah saw that his followers were outnumbered, he fled with them. Moroni sought to intercept them and succeeded in bringing most of the dissenters back

to Zarahemla, but Amalickiah escaped with a small number of men to the Lamanites.

Through treachery Amalickiah made himself king of the Lamanites after killing the king and marrying the queen, but servants who were guarding the king escaped to the land of Zarahemla and joined the people of Ammon. Amalickiah:

. . . was acknowledged king throughout all the land, among all the people of the Lamanites, who were composed of the Lamanites and the Lemuelites and the Ishmaelites, and all the dissenters of the Nephites, from the reign of Nephi down to the present time (Alma 47:35).

Character of Moroni

The successful conclusion of the series of battles with the Lamanites was due, in large measure, to the character of Moroni. We are told:

. . . Moroni was a strong and a mighty man; he was a man of a perfect understanding; yea, a man that did not delight in bloodshed; a man whose soul did joy in the liberty and the freedom of his country, and his brethren from bondage and slavery; Yea, a man whose heart did swell with thanksgiving to his God . . . a man who did labor exceedingly for the welfare and safety of his people . . . a man who was firm in the faith of Christ . . . . Yea, verily, verily I say unto you, if all men had been, and were, and ever would be, like unto Moroni, behold, the very powers of hell would have been shaken forever; yea, the devil would never have power over the hearts of the children of men. Behold, he was a man like unto Ammon, the son of Mosiah, yea, and even the other sons of Mosiah, yea, and also Alma and his sons, for they were all men of God (Alma 48:11 ff.).

At the conclusion of the nineteenth year peace was restored, and there was:

. . . exceeding great prosperity in the church because of their heed and diligence which they gave unto the word of God, which was declared unto them by Helaman, and Shiblon, and Corianton, and Ammon and his brethren, yea, and by all those who had been ordained by the holy order of God, being baptized unto repentance, and sent forth to preach among the people (Alma 49:30).

Questions on the Lesson

1. What were the differences in the objectives of the Nephites and Lamanites?

2. What were the Nephites taught about defending themselves? (See Alma 43:46-47.)

3. Give instances of the truth of the words ". . . we also see the great wickedness one very wicked man can cause to take place among the children of men" (Alma 46:9).

4. Comment on the significance of the statement ". . . they [Nephites] were sorry to be the means of sending so many of their brethren out of this world into an eternal world, unprepared to meet their God" (Alma 48:23).

There Will Always Be a Christmas

Adelia M. Pierce

There will always be a Christmas;
It will forever bring
New faith, new hope, new courage,
As joyous carols ring.

And always through the darkness
The Christmas star will shine,
A pledge of peace and freedom
To this land of yours and mine.

Visiting Teacher Messages

Book of Mormon Gems of Truth

Lesson 30: ". . . As Ye Have Begun to Teach the Word Even So I would That Ye Should Continue to Teach . . . . Use Boldness, But Not Overbearance; and Also See That Ye Bridle All Your Passions, That Ye May Be Filled With Love . . ." (Alma 38:10, 12).

Leone O. Jacobs

For Tuesday, March 1, 1955

Objective: To show the need of being courageous in teaching the word of God and being filled with love.

ALMA, in this passage, gives counsel to his son concerning his conduct and its relation to the successful teaching of the gospel of Christ. We are all teachers — if not directly, then indirectly, by the lives we live, the examples we set before others. And thus Alma's advice can well apply to each of us. In showing another a better way of life, it is well to be courageous in its defense, but never should one approach the point of being arrogant or dictatorial. Love must fill the heart.

Love is the greatest force in the world. More good can be accomplished through its use than by any other medium. It is the most effective tool in combating evil. If wisely given, it may often change the most wayward or stubborn heart. Love is constructive in nature; it lends encouragement, builds and ennobles. As President George Albert Smith often said, "People can be loved into doing good. They cannot be forced." Love is not compatible with anger, hatred, or vice. These must be ruled out of life if one is to be consistently filled with love. Either we learn to control our passions or our passions will crowd out much of the love which should be in our hearts.

How may we bridle our passions, as Alma advised? It is suggested by some that we concentrate on one weakness at a time, determine to control it one day at a time, and soon, under this schedule, the weeks and months will give evidence of victory. President Brigham Young gives concrete advice on conquering one's temper:

> There is not a man in the world who cannot overcome his passion, if he will struggle earnestly to do so. If you find passion coming on you, go off to some place where you cannot be heard; let none of your family see you or hear you, while it is upon you, but struggle till it leaves you; and pray for strength to overcome . . . If you first gain power to check your words, you will then begin to have power to check your judgment, and at length actually gain power to check your thoughts and reflections (*Discourses of Brigham Young*, 1946 Edition, chapter XXIII, page 267).

In order to be filled with love, one must devote some time to its development. In this busy day, we are very conscious of time. With each passing hour certain appoint-

ments and duties must be performed. But how much time are we devoting to loving one another? Are we taking enough time to dispense this priceless commodity? Is there time for us to be patient, kind? If not, then we are not using time judiciously, for love is the most needed corrective for this world's ills. The Savior said:

A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another (John 13:34).

In the Church there are numerous opportunities afforded us to show our love for one another, and the more of these opportunities we accept, the greater will be our capacity for love. "As we love, we serve, and as we serve, our love is increased." In a spirit of love we can truly teach the word of God to others.

Work Meeting—Selection, Care, and Use of Household Equipment

(A Course Recommended for Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Lesson 6—Home Freezers and Refrigerators

Rhea H. Gardner

For Tuesday, March 8, 1955

MODERN home refrigeration equipment has done as much or more to improve standards of living and add to the pleasantness of life than any other kind of household equipment. Home freezers and refrigerators have made it possible for isolated farm families to enjoy garden fresh fruits and vegetables the year around. A continuous supply of fresh meat and other foods, stored in the home freezer or nearby locker plant, has made possible appetizing and nutritious meals during all seasons of the year.

Before you buy a home freezer you would do well to have definite plans for securing food to put into it. The wisdom of buying fresh fruits and vegetables from the regular retail market is questionable. Unless one can raise his own vegetables and fruit or secure them in quantity directly from a grower, it may pay to buy a freezer just large enough for meat and cooked foods. Frozen fruits and vegetables are now available at most grocery stores at a fair price.

If one intends to fill the freezer with home produced foods, plans for increased amounts and varieties best suited to freezing should be made prior to planting time.

Homemakers should be sure they have sufficient room in their homes for a freezer and they would do well to understand what the total cost of owning a home freezer will be before actually making the purchase. This includes interest on the money invested, cost of repairs and upkeep (approximately two per cent of cost per year), electricity to

freeze food and maintain storage temperature, and cost of packaging. Consider the home freezer, like most other kitchen appliances, a real advance in living standards, but one that costs rather than saves money.

The cost of operating a home freezer depends, to a large extent, on how well the space is utilized and the total pounds of food frozen over a given period. The more rapid the turnover of products stored, the less cost of operation per pound of food. Some folks boast of keeping food in their freezer for many months or even years. This is not economical. The major operating cost is the cost of keeping food frozen. A roast that has been kept in the freezer for nearly two years costs several times more than the market price of a fresh roast.

Freezers are useful for the storage of ready-cooked foods. By cooking generous quantities and freezing the surplus, a family can eat several times with only slightly more labor costs than for one preparation.

Develop the habit of storing packages in your freezer in an orderly manner, thus saving space. Be sure everything is properly packaged. Be familiar with the amount of food that can be safely frozen at one time. The usual amount is four to six pounds per cubic foot. Food freezes slowly and loses much of its fresh flavor and firm texture if more than this is put in. Each package should be in direct contact with a freezing surface.

How often frost should be scraped off the walls of your freezer depends on how nearly packages are vapor proof and how often the freezer is opened. In most cases, defrosting is necessary only once or twice a year. It is easy to do if you remove the frost while it is dry, not icy, and only half an inch or so thick. If you wait longer the freezer must be disconnected until the ice melts.

The purchase of a refrigerator also calls for pre-planning and analyzing of needs over a long period. If one has or intends to buy a home freezer, space for general storage of food requiring refrigeration is all that will be needed. The current trend is to have space for the storage of frozen food across the complete upper part of the freezing unit. This convenience is not justified economically if there is a locker nearby. However, if you rent a commercial locker which is some distance away, it would be wise to select a refrigerator with enough freezing space so you can store packages of frozen food in it between your weekly or semi-weekly visits to the locker.

You can save money by storing the right kinds of food in your locker. Corn on the cob is definitely in the luxury class, as ninety-two per cent of an ear of corn is inedible. Freezing and storage space cannot be used interchangeably without special packaging, since storage area is maintained at a forty-three degrees temperature, and the freezing compartment at a temperature of zero.

Some automatic features recently made in refrigerators cost more than would several additional cubic feet of storage space. Before buying a refrigerator, decide which will serve your needs best.

Do not clutter up the refrigerator with foods that do not require refrigeration. Wash vegetables and

trim off inedible portions. Remove store wrappings from meat and put in covered dishes or plastic bags. To remove a quart of milk from the refrigerator, use one cup of it, and then allow the rest to remain out until it reaches room temperature before putting the quart back, is an extravagant practice. More heat is put back in the refrigerator than if the door were left open until all the cold air escaped. This is due to the principle of high heat retention by certain foods.

Cold air in the storage area of your refrigerator cannot circulate effectively when food is packed solidly on each shelf.

Defrosting a refrigerator is advisable before frost is one-fourth inch thick. Ice on coils acts as an insulator and rapidly cuts down the efficiency of the cooling system and forces the motor to run more.

The investment necessary for either a refrigerator or home freezer is not small. They are pieces of equipment that can return you dividends through wise use, or cost you excessive amounts through misuse. Be sure a reputable dealer is within reach, who will be responsible for having your equipment serviced when and if necessary.

Thoughts for Discussion

1. In what ways has your refrigerator or freezer contributed toward better living for you and your family?
2. What experiences have you had with your freezer that others might profit by, such as having the freezer on a different circuit than your other large pieces of equipment to avoid blowing fuses?
3. Give handy hints regarding use of deep freezers or refrigerators.
4. Allow for adequate discussion by members.

See: "Gardening for the Home Freezer," by C. W. McCullough, *The Relief Society Magazine*, April 1954, page 253; and "Safe Method of Freezing Corn," *The Relief Society Magazine*, June 1954, page 393.

Literature—Literature of England

Lesson 46—Victorian Humorists

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

For Tuesday, March 15, 1955

Objective: To appreciate humor better and to understand the necessity and value of humor in our own lives.

IF during the recent war, with its rationing, mass relocation of children, saturation air raids, blockbusters, and magnesium fire bombs, the British had not been able to make puns about Hitler, and jokes about their own sufferings, they might well have had their spirits broken from within. As it was, their moral stubbornness and their humor gave them a "bounce" which was their strongest secret weapon.

Traditionally the true Briton has possessed a ready wit, and the ability to toss off a joke lightly. Despite their heavy seriousness, Victorian Englishmen in this were no different from the English either before or since.

To know literature is to know life

in its fullness. Surely in our past treatment of English literature we have committed serious error, if we have defined great literature only as lofty, serious writing. True, just as life is deep, broad, and profound, mysterious even, so must these qualities be central to any true literature which hopes to mirror life. But equally true, life is also humorous, satirical, playful.

One man is as incapable of high humor as another is of high seriousness. For every Milton we have a Chaucer; for every Carlyle and Ruskin and Arnold, with their intensity and complete absence of humor, we have Thackeray and Lewis Carroll and Sir William S. Gilbert, pranksters and punners supreme.

Now, as from the beginning, Latter-day Saints are a joyous people. In no small measure, our pioneers were buoyed up and heartened by their sense of humor. How often quoted are words of our leaders which sparkle with wit. Such humor, like literature, is universal. Also universal are *Alice in Wonderland*, "The Owl and the Pussy-Cat," and *The Mikado*. It is to these, then, that we now turn to join in the delightful "un-Victorian" fun which has never been confined to any particular place or time.

It is hardly possible that Charles Dickens, Poet Laureate of Humor and Good Cheer, could have achieved his popularity in an age earlier than his own. His art needed the cheap steam press to get the last written chapter into the hands of waiting thousands. Such a press also reproduced wood and, later, steel engravings at low cost. Dickens' writings attained twice the power after they were also caricatured by Cruikshank's illustrations.

Punch

In this age of humor and caricature, one of the greatest and most enduring of British institutions had its beginnings. *Punch*, the British magazine of humor and satire which still appears every week with the same old cover, was first published July 17, 1841. The success of *Punch* was assured by "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures," the printed monologues she delivered in bed to her husband each night before going to sleep. This feature appeared for more than thirty years, and was so beloved by the English middle-class that there are those who assert, even today, that certain nostalgic English people continue to subscribe to *Punch* in the hope that before their subscription expires, Mrs. Caudle's lectures will re-appear.

Humorous Victorian verse was the mainstay of *Punch*. It falls into two classes: nonsense verse, which, other than itself, has no excuse for being (nor needs one), and light satire. We shall discuss the first type first, beginning with Edward Lear.

Edward Lear (1812-1888; see text pp. 824, 826-827).

A lifelong student of animals and nature, Edward Lear studied art and through his active years traveled widely in Europe and Africa painting animals and landscapes. For more than a decade he was an art teacher in Rome, and he illustrated Tennyson's poems. When, in 1845, he broke his voluntary exile and returned to England, he gave Queen Victoria drawing lessons. In addi-

EDWARD LEAR

tion to his verse he wrote so many limericks for his own amusement that he, perhaps more than any other, kept the limerick alive.

Not only is his immortal "The Owl and the Pussy-Cat" nonsense and fun; it is also, in its fashion, a successful lyrical love poem. For as we read the poem, we have no doubt that the pussy indeed is lovely, and when:

> Pussy said to the Owl, You elegant fowl,
> How charmingly sweet you sing!
> Oh, let us be married; too long we have tarried . . . .
> (text p. 826, lines 12-15)

are not Lear's rhythms and internal rhymes (owl-fowl) completely successful in making *this* owl as elegant as ever an owl can be? *Bong-tree, piggy-wig, runcible,* and *pea-green* betray Lear's great pleasure in inventing and sounding words, just for the satisfaction of hearing and feeling them soothe the tongue, the ear, and the image-making imagination. *Runcible,* a rhythmic, melodious word, connotes far more when used in Lear than can ever be gleaned from any definition such as the one which is recorded in serious literalness in our text. Likewise, in reading the parody on Wordsworth, any child instinctively knows that *Tiniskoop-hills* and *Borley-Melling* are Learean landmarks — far more real in that never-neverland of the imagination than in any stuffily actual place!

Charles Stuart Calverley (1831-1884; see text, pp. 824, 827).

An exceptionally gifted classical scholar, Calverley translated Homer, Virgil, and Horace into English, and Milton, Herbert, Pope, and Tennyson into Latin. At Oxford he was popular for his ready wit and charming conversation. He practiced law for a time, but a skating accident at age thirty-five ended his active career.

Calverley's writing is not for children; for them it remains *meaningless* nonsense. However, for those who recently read Rossetti's "Sister Helen" (text, p. 787), Calverley's "Ballad" (text, p. 827) contains in rich measure the intellectual delight which comes from a combination of irony (the exact reverse of what is being said), parody (mocking imitation), and kittenish playfulness. For someone who is not completely "taken in" by Rossetti's oft-repeated refrain about hell and heaven, how telling a device it is to substitute for Rossetti's refrain, the new (and moving) refrain, "Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese." What sheer, clean fun!

Always, throughout Calverley's "Ballad" the reader feels that, in the next line, the poem will begin to

make sense, but it never does. The many real details are skillfully evoked, but finally those of us who are forewarned, see it for what it is: a mild, tongue-in-cheek parody of those poets who take their art, their creative powers, and themselves too seriously.

Calverley's "Ballad" is an excellent example of bewildering double-talk. Aren't you tempted to try it on your family and friends, to see how much you can get away with before you are caught? Surely as long as you can maintain a serious tone and a straight face your "sin will *not* find you out." As each stanza is spoken without being discovered, surely you have your real and considerable reward. Here we see, as elsewhere in this lesson, how the parody often becomes as famous and well-known as the poem it parodies. And what keener ridicule than to smile at the wrong things, and at the wrong time?

Lewis Carroll (Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, 1832-1898; see text, pp. 828-833).

A mathematical bachelor who spent his entire outward life as a teacher at Cambridge, Mr. Dodgson was as stuffy as his name and his vocation. But his other (truer?) self is dear to all of us as Lewis Carroll, whose light-hearted, whimsical verse is so laden with good humor and riches of the imagination that it is better known by children of all ages than any other verse save the Mother Goose rhymes.

In the company of adults Charles Lutwidge Dodgson was shy, even glum; but in the company of children, Lewis Carroll sparkled and

LEWIS CARROLL

shone. He loved them, for their basic honesty, for their innocent unconcern with money, conventions, and the drive for power, and for the real, delightful world of imagination in which he and they could always blend together their cherished waking dreams into visions of delight. He always carried candy and puzzles in his pockets for their enjoyment; and he made friends with them wherever he went. Most of us know how his *Alice in Wonderland* was written to amuse little Alice Liddell. Recently the original manuscript sold for a fabulous sum.

We find Dodgson comes alive in the comments of Alexander Woollcott, who reminds us that he was:

> . . . all his life neatly pigeonholed, all the letters he wrote or received in thirty-seven years elaborately summarized or catalogued so that by the time he died there were more than 98,000 cross-references in his correspondence files. He was the

kind of a man who kept a diagram showing where you sat when you dined with him and what you ate, lest he served you the same dish when you came again. He was the kind of a man who gravely stipulated that no illustrations for a book of his be drawn on Sunday. . . .

In this same methodical manner Mr. Dodgson never admitted publicly that he had even heard of Lewis Carroll. When asked about his writings, his stock reply was, "Mr. Dodgson neither claims nor acknowledges any connection with books not published under his name." And it is only a myth that when Queen Victoria wrote him requesting a copy of "his books" he sent her *A Syllabus of Plane Algebraical Geometry* (1860) and *An Elementary Treatise on Determinants* (1867). Yet often such an anecdote or caricature best defines the man.

Most of the selections in our text are taken from *Alice in Wonderland*, which was illustrated in the 1866 edition by Sir John Tenniel, already well-known to British audiences for sixteen years through his contributions to *Punch*. For most of us these original drawings have become as much a part of *Alice* as Carroll's own words.

Why humor is humorous is no more to be explained than why some like their eggs up while some like them over. Perhaps for you Lewis Carroll is boring. We cannot know how many people he has bored; we do know that during the past century he has been found delightful by millions. "The Crocodile" (text, p. 828), "Father William" (text, p. 828), "The Mock Turtle's Song" (text, p. 829), "The Walrus and the Carpenter" (text, p. 830), and the other text selections are for many readers sheer delight; for others they are dull. Why, who knows? It may be that some of us have allowed our imaginations and sense of humor to depart with the reality of Santa Claus. For others, what delightful commentary on life it is to hear Father William say:

> . . . don't give yourself airs!
> Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?
> Be off, or I'll kick you downstairs!
> (text, page 829, lines 30-33).

Or to see the Walrus and the Carpenter:

> . . . walking close at hand;
> They wept like anything to see
> Such quantities of sand.
> "If this were only cleared away,"
> They said, "it would be grand!"
> (text, page 830, lines 20-25).

The supreme test (and reward) is "Jabberwocky" (text, p. 829). What a friendly caricature of all literary pretension is this. How a careful, sympathetic reading of it sets the wheels and cogs of our imaginations awhirr! How gently it leads us, "the literati," to laugh at ourselves, and at each other. How transporting is its spell. This is sheer magic:

> 'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
> Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
> All mimsy were the borogoves,
> And the mome raths outgrabe.
>
> Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
> The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
> Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
> The frumious Bandersnatch!
> (text, page 829, lines 1-8).

Many of these poems deserve mimeographing for use in class, but particularly "Jabberwocky" and its added glossary which defines frumi-

ous as "another portmanteau word meaning fuming and furious." Truly this is divine nonsense.

Sir William Schwenck Gilbert (1836-1911; see text, pp. 825, 833-838).

How fully the sister arts lean on each other! Just as Carroll is hardly half without illustrations, so Gilbert is less than half without music and drama and voice and dance. But even with less than half, Gilbert is probably the best-loved, best-known of Victorian nonsense writers. This is so because he best helped his contemporaries to laugh at themselves.

Before he began his famous collaboration with Sir Arthur Sullivan (composer of "Onward, Christian Soldiers"), young Gilbert had been a soldier, clerk, and lawyer. Like our other humorists he was a lifelong bachelor. At age thirty-three his *Bab Ballads* appeared. At once his humor brought him fame. When, six years later (1875), his first light opera appeared, he confessed how he had "unblushingly cribbed" from the author of *Bab Ballads* in writing librettos so flawless that they have deservedly become famous apart from the music.

According to Mr. Gilbert, "all humor is based upon a grave and quasi-respectful treatment of the ludicrous." Because he found much to laugh at in English nobility, lawyers, politicians, doctors, snobs, artistic pretenders, particularly "serious" opera, he was taken to the bosom of the prosperous, rising middle class of Englishmen as their champion. Always he was one of them, so much so that it is said mild Queen Victoria withheld a peerage from him, so pointedly did he poke fun at royal human frailty. Yet most people today find his humor temperate and buoyant. He was finally made a Knight in 1907.

Gilbert's style is always light and graceful. In few writers does rhyme sparkle as it does in his lines: so precisely do the meter and rhyme fit the content that often it is his meter and rhyme which are those of the music itself.

His plots are incredible, even impossible, yet his strange situations are always merely ludicrous exaggeration of actual dilemmas known in Victorian England. Often his parodies contain within them so much common sense, such a keen, satirical touch, that they rise above Victorian England to attain a universal appeal.

As an example of technical skill and fluency, consider the first stanza of "The Yarn of Nancy Bell" (text, p. 833):

'Twas on the shores that round our coast
From Deal to Ramsgate span,
That I found alone on a piece of stone
An elderly naval man. (lines 1-4).

The internal rhyme in the third line, and the crescendoing cadence of the last line make his lines bouncing and alive. After a reading of several such compelling stanzas, it is almost impossible to keep fingers and toes subdued.

When such skill is coupled to a worthy theme, we have Gilbert at his best, as in his most popular *The Mikado*. The Lord High Executioner compiles his "little list" of those "social offenders who might well be underground":

And who never would be missed — who
never would be missed!

There's the pestilential nuisances who
write for autographs—
All people who have flabby hands and
irritating laughs—
All children who are up in dates, and
floor you with 'em flat—
All persons who in shaking hands, shake
hands with you like that—
And all third persons who on spoiling
tete-a-tetes insist—
They'd none of 'em be missed — they'd
none of 'em be missed!
(text, page 836, lines 3-10).

"Let the Punishment Fit the Crime" (text, p. 837), implements the same nonsensical machinery of punishing those repulsive criminals who go scot-free merely because their crimes are not proscribed by present-day laws. And besides being sly and smooth, Gilbert always has the happy knack of dulling with laughter the sting of his blow. Then, as now, even those being satirized join in Gilbert's infectious laughter at themselves. This is "divine nonsense" indeed.

Questions on the Lessons

1. How may we justify humor as being literature?
2. Discuss humor as an English trait.
3. How does parody differ from satire? from irony? Whose verse in our lesson exemplifies each of these terms?
4. Do you agree with Gilbert's definition of humor as "a grave treatment of the ludicrous?" Why?

Social Science—The Constitution of the United States

Lesson 12—The Bill of Rights—Amendments Five Through Ten

Elder Albert R. Bowen

Texts: *Your Rugged Constitution* (*Y. R. C.*), pp. 204-217; *The Constitution of the United States Its Sources and Its Application* (*C. of U. S.*), pp. 210-227

For Tuesday, March 22, 1955

Objective: To give further consideration to the Bill of Rights as a guarantee and protection to the rights and liberties of individual citizens.

Rights of Persons Accused of Crimes

Fifth Amendment

No person shall be held to answer for a capital, or otherwise infamous crime, unless on a presentment or indictment of a Grand Jury, except in cases arising in the land or naval forces, or in the Militia, when in actual service in time of War or public danger; nor shall any person be subject for the same offence to be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb; nor shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself, nor be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor shall private property be taken for public use, without just compensation.

The Fifth Amendment is one of the truly great bulwarks of individual freedom and human rights found in the Constitution. Its provisions have been invoked in literally thousands of cases. Tersely stated, this Amendment may be said to guarantee that a person shall not be subjected to criminal prosecution or

deprived of property without a full, open, and public trial with full opportunity of defense, nor shall his property be seized or taken for any public purpose without full and adequate reimbursement.

It goes without saying that criminals must be punished for crimes committed in order that society may protect itself against the effects of lawlessness. On the other hand, innocent persons must be protected from wrongful or illegal prosecution. The Fifth Amendment is one of the Amendments designed to regulate the steps in a criminal proceeding so that, while the interests of society are being protected and safeguarded, the interests and rights and liberties of individuals may be likewise safeguarded and protected.

A capital offense, of course, is one for which a guilty person may be executed. An infamous crime is one for which he may be imprisoned.

Before a person can be held to answer for such an offense he must be indicted by a grand jury, before whom all evidence against him must be laid. If the grand jury determines that the evidence presented to it warrants prosecution, it votes in favor of an indictment (formal accusation). Then, and only then, is the person charged subject to being tried. It might be said that the system of indictment under the Fifth Amendment prohibits a person from being subjected to Federal criminal proceedings on mere suspicion, no matter how well-founded such suspicion may be.

Each state has similar laws and constitutional provisions designed to accomplish the same end. In most states the grand jury system of indictment has been abandoned in favor of more expeditious processing of criminal proceedings, but the essential requirements of grand jury indictments have nevertheless been preserved.

The indictment itself must set forth the nature of the offense charged and the circumstances of its occurrence. In this way the accused may know of the crime for which he must answer and thus may prepare his defense.

The phrase, "to be twice put in jeopardy," means to stand trial for the same offense more than once. This means that if a person is tried for a criminal offense and found not guilty, or acquitted, as the term is known, he may not be tried again but must be allowed to go free, even though he may, in fact, have been guilty.

In England before the Revolution, it sometimes happened that when the Crown was unsuccessful in convicting a person of a crime charged, the judges would compel a man to be tried over again, sometimes more than once, to insure a conviction. This provision of the Fifth Amendment has no application in cases where a jury cannot agree on guilt or innocence. In such cases a new trial is lawful and the accused cannot plead "double jeopardy."

A final word on this vital provision of the Fifth Amendment is, that in jury trials before Federal courts, the verdict in a criminal case is required to be unanimous.

In no criminal proceeding may an accused be compelled to testify against himself. He may sit mute if he wishes and his silence may not be considered as any evidence of his guilt. If he voluntarily takes the

witness chair and testifies on his own behalf, then he is subject to all the rules of cross-examination by the prosecution. An extension of this same protection of human liberty is that a man's wife, or a woman's husband, cannot be required to testify against his or her spouse.

One aspect of the Fifth Amendment includes civil cases as well as criminal proceedings. That is, even in civil cases, a person may not be compelled to testify as to any matter being examined at the trial, if such testimony would tend to incriminate him—make him subject to criminal prosecution. An interesting sidelight on this provision of the Fifth Amendment is that the Communists always invoke the "self-incriminating" rule in their refusal to answer questions in court touching upon their party activities.

Invariably they are successful in refusing to give evidence on their activities which might make them liable to be tried for a criminal offense, such as treason. They cannot refuse to testify, however, if their testimony would not lay them open to criminal proceedings, or they cannot refuse to testify if enough time has elapsed so that the statute of limitations would prevent their prosecution. (The law provides that for most crimes the offenders must be prosecuted within a fixed period of time. After that time has elapsed, any prosecution is barred.) Also they must testify if they have already been tried and convicted of the offense at an earlier time, or have already been pardoned of the offense.

"Due process of law" means protection from arbitrary and illegal acts by Government or Governmental agents. It could be said to be a requirement that all Governmental proceedings are subject to the requirement of fair play. This requirement applies with special force and emphasis in all judicial or court proceedings.

The provision against Governmental seizure of private property prohibits the Government from taking the property of an individual, no matter how important or necessary the purpose of the taking may be, without paying him just compensation for the taking. It is true that one of the attributes of sovereignty requires that private rights must yield to public need. On the other hand, no individual is required to sacrifice his property for a public use or need, unless the public pays for it.

The right of "eminent domain" (which means the appropriation of private property for public use) is subject to this very essential and vital limitation. What a person shall be paid for the taking of his property must be decided by a jury on the demand of the person whose property is being appropriated. Thus Governmental agents may not be arbitrary in fixing fair value and the amount payable for such taking.

In England this right of seizure had been invoked by the sovereign, often in a very arbitrary and unfair manner, and, all too often, the aggrieved individual received little or no compensation or payment for this property.

Trial for Crimes—Sixth Amendment (*Y. R. C.*, pp. 206-207; *C. of U. S.*, pp. 216-221)

In all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right of a speedy and pub-

lic trial, by an impartial jury of the State and district wherein the crime shall have been committed, which district shall have been previously ascertained by law, and to be informed of the nature and cause of the accusation; to be confronted with the witnesses against him; to have compulsory process for obtaining witnesses in his favor, and to have the Assistance of Counsel for his defence.

The Sixth Amendment, along with the Fifth, is designed to safeguard the interest of persons accused of crime and to insure them a speedy and public trial, and requires that they be informed of the charge or accusation against them. In addition, every accused person shall have the right of confrontation with witnesses against him, and shall also be entitled to compel the attendance of witnesses to testify in his defense, and to have an attorney to represent him during the entire proceedings against him.

In early England the rights of an accused were not, in all cases, adequately protected. Mary, Queen of Scots, was never allowed to confront her accusers, and Sir Walter Raleigh was tried and executed upon the evidence produced in the form of a deposition. A deposition is a sworn statement obtained out of court usually taken down in the presence of a notary public. The colonists were well versed in the political history of England and were determined that, in America, a person accused of crime should be given a fair trial.

A speedy and public trial is one which takes place with reasonable dispatch and without unnecessary delay. The trial is required to be public to insure that the trial procedure is fair and just. An accused is much more likely to be tried fairly, if his trial is conducted openly for all to see.

In colonial days it was not uncommon for persons accused of crime to be transported overseas to be tried. Therefore, the requirement that all criminal trials shall be conducted in the district where the alleged crime was committed. Furthermore, the Sixth Amendment contains the second reference to jury trials in criminal cases. Unless specifically waived by the accused, a jury trial is a constitutional requirement.

In order that an accused may prepare his defense, it is important for him to be fully informed of the nature of the crime with which he has been charged. This information must be complete, with time and circumstance specified in the indictment.

The right to confront accusers is very important. This means the right of cross-examination in court. The witnesses against an accused may not testify against him unless they testify in his presence.

"To have compulsory process for obtaining witnesses in his favor" means that the Government is bound to produce the witnesses which the accused requires for his defense, and must bring them into court at Government expense. In every criminal trial the accused is entitled to an attorney to plead his case. The court will appoint counsel for an accused if he does not have counsel of his own choosing. Lawyers, as a part of their professional duty, must defend persons accused of crime when appointed by the court. Furthermore, they are required to do so without compensa-

tion, if the accused is unable to pay for their services.

Jury Trials in Civil Cases—Seventh Amendment (Y. R. C., pp. 208-209; C. of U. S., pp. 221-222)

In suits at common law, where the value in controversy shall exceed twenty dollars, the right of trial by jury shall be preserved, and no fact tried by a jury, shall be otherwise re-examined in any Court of the United States, than according to the rules of the common law.

The people of the United States have always been attached to the jury system of trials. This Amendment was to insure jury trials in civil cases as well as criminal proceedings. The only limitation on this right in a civil case is that the amount involved must exceed twenty dollars. In our days this is a ridiculously small amount to warrant calling a jury of twelve persons to listen to the case. Until the Amendment is modified it is the constitutional law of the land and may not be changed or abrogated either by the Legislature or the courts. The requirement of jury trial applies to the courts of the National Government and not to the states. All states have constitutional provisions and laws which regulate and prescribe the procedure for trial of civil cases by jury.

Some cases before Federal courts are not required to be heard by a jury. They are known as equity or admiralty cases. The rule of jury trial applies only to cases at common law. The English common law (which forms the foundation for our American legal system) is made up of court decisions, enactments of Parliament, and usages

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and customs that grew up over a long period of time in England.

Under this Amendment the jury, in cases of common law, has the exclusive right to determine the facts in issue and may not be interfered with in such determination. If error is committed by the jury in its determination of the facts of a particular case, the judge may grant a new trial under prescribed rules of law or the case may be appealed to a higher court which may, if it determines that error has been committed, grant a new trial. Neither the trial nor the appellate (pertaining to appeals) court may invade the province of the jury and make a determination of the facts.

Limitations on Bail and Punishments—Eighth Amendment (Y. R. C., pp. 210-211; C. of U. S., pp. 222-225)

Excessive bail shall not be required, nor excessive fines imposed, nor cruel and unusual punishments inflicted.

Bail is the sum which an accused person may be required to deposit in court to guarantee his appearance at the trial. A fine is a sum exacted from the guilty person after conviction of a criminal offense. Whether bail or a fine is excessive must depend upon the seriousness of the offense charged. In capital cases, that is, cases where the sentence imposed may be the death penalty, the right to bail may be denied. It follows that in criminal cases that fines and bail may be fixed higher for serious offenses than in minor criminal offenses.

In the case of fines, the general rule followed is that the amount shall not be so great as to seriously impair the ability of a man to earn his living.

Cruel and unusual punishments forbidden by this Amendment are the cruel and barbarous punishments inflicted in early times. Examples are torture, branding, mutilation.

The death penalty, however, does not come within this classification which is legal sentence in capital cases.

Rights Kept by the People—Ninth Amendment (Y. R. C., pp. 212-213; C. of U. S., page 225)

The enumeration in the Constitution, of certain rights, shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people.

This Amendment is a statement of a rule of construction to be applied to the Constitution of the United States. It indicates that the National Government may exercise only the powers which have been delegated to it and which are enumerated in the Constitution. This includes implied powers necessary to carry into effect the express powers granted. Beyond this the National Government may not go in exercising power either as to the states or the people.

Powers Kept by the States or the People—Tenth Amendment (Y. R. C., pp. 214-217; C. of U. S., pp. 226-227)

The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people.

The Tenth Amendment is the last of the Bill of Rights adopted to guarantee that the National Government would not exercise powers

which had not been conferred upon it under the Constitution. This Amendment says, in a somewhat different way than the Ninth Amendment, that the Federal Government is one of enumerated and delegated powers. Beyond the exercise of these powers and the necessary implied powers, it may not go. To do so is an invasion of state rights or of rights which have been retained by the people. Such attempted exercise of power would be null and void.

Questions on the Lesson

1. How are criminal proceedings instituted against a citizen under the Fifth Amendment?
2. May a person be tried twice for the same crime?
3. May a person be convicted of a crime because he refuses to testify in his own defense?
4. In what way may private property be taken by the Government?
5. What is the meaning of "due process of law"?
6. How must a criminal trial be conducted under the Sixth Amendment?
7. What is meant by the term "bail"?
8. What is "cruel and unusual punishment"?
9. Why is the Government of the United States one of enumerated and delegated powers?
10. In whom do the undelegated and unenumerated powers of Government vest?

"As Little Children"

(*Continued from page 839*)

ent," Sally said firmly. "Come, Karl."

They bought Bill a sports jacket, and then Sally left the children with the Story Lady on the fifth floor while she shopped for their gifts.

She passed a chinaware display and paused. There she saw a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer, as fragile as though they had sprung from fairyland. In the sleigh sat a fat ceramic Santa Claus. The reindeer had golden antlers and seemed about to fly into the air.

"How darling for the mantlepiece!" Sally breathed, and then remembered that in the brave, new Christmas she championed there was no place for reindeer with golden antlers. She left the display with a feeling very near regret.

When she reclaimed the children, the Story Lady had just finished reading them "The Night Before Christmas."

"You were wrong about Santa Claus, Mommy," said Karl. "The Story Lady said . . . ."

"I don't care what the Story Lady said." Sally was tired and spoke impatiently. "There is *no* Santa Claus."

Everything in the store and on the street belied her words. Santa and his elves were, it seemed, everywhere, she thought.

BILL'S attitude was no help. "Doggonit, Sally, I wish you hadn't told the kids. It never hurt me to believe in Santa Claus, and well . . . you've taken away part of the fun."

Three days before Christmas Bill said, "The choral singers are giving the *Messiah* tonight in the University concert hall. Let's get a sitter and go hear it."

They sat in the dark hall and listened to the beauty and sorrow of

(*Continued on page 862*)

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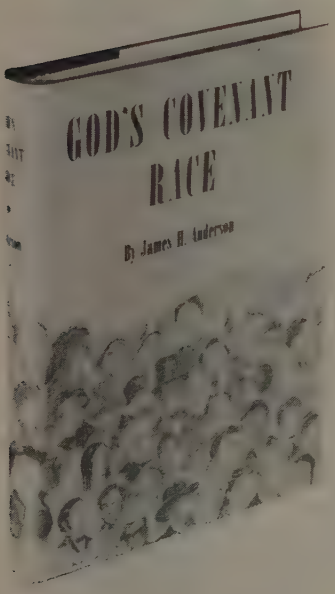

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"As Little Children"

(*Continued from page 860*)

Handel's masterpiece. Sally wanted to cry, it was so beautiful, when the white-robed figures shouted, as from one mighty throat,

Worthy is the Lamb
That was slain
And hath redeemed us to God
By his blood.

They were silent riding home, still held by the spell of the music.

"Oh, honey!" Sally said at last, "that's what Christmas ought to be."

"Of course it is," Bill said. "We know it, but . . . ."

He didn't finish until he had parked the car and they were walking to the house. "Sally, Christmas isn't just for the wise. It's for children. In telling Karl and Ann there isn't a Santa Claus you've taken something away from them. Old Saint Nick represents the spirit of loving and giving, and it doesn't take away anything from the true meaning of Christmas."

"You're right, dear. I wish I hadn't."

Bill grinned, "Ah, cheer up. I didn't mean to get up on a soapbox. We'll have a good time, anyway."

THE day before Christmas, Sally woke feeling as though the day ahead were a loaf of bread with the leavening left out. She worked diligently all day—cleaned the house, made rolls, and set them covered in the refrigerator, and helped Bill and the children set up the tree and trim it. It was fun to work together, but the bubble and sparkle and secret excitement of Christmas Eve seemed missing.

They had an early supper, and then the children went obediently to bed. Sally remembered last Christmas, when they had been like prancing ponies in their eagerness to find out what Santa would bring them.

Sally and Bill sat in the living room lighted only by the bright bulbs on the tree. The floor was piled with the packages that had come from relatives.

"Shall we put the kids' gifts out now?" Bill asked.

"I guess so," Sally said, her heart not in it.

Bill rose to go into the basement and bring up the tricycle and dollhouse from their hiding place in the crawl hole. He walked across the room and stopped.

"Get back in bed, kids." Two pairs of eyes were peering around the corner. Karl gave an elfish grin.

"We forgot something." He held up a large stocking made of red felt and with a bell on the toe. Ann followed suit. Grandmommy had sent the stockings last Christmas.

"We didn't hang these up for Santa Claus." The two children scampered over to the fireplace, waving the stockings.

Why, she thought, they didn't believe me! not a word! She looked at their hopeful faces. "Yes, we'll hang up the stockings for Santa Claus."

"I'll get some tape," said Bill, "to hold up the stockings." They hung the stockings, the children chattering happily.

"I hope Santa Claus puts a dolly

(*Concluded on page 864*)

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A big measure of holiday pleasure comes wrapped in the U and I Sugar packages. Home-made holiday sweets, cakes, cookies and candies made with pure U and I Sugar add to the spirit of friendliness and good will that prevails at Christmas time. Next time you're at your grocers, get an extra bag or carton of pure U and I Sugar.

U AND I sugar

(Continued from page 862)
in mine," said Ann. "One that cries real tears."

"When I was a little girl," said Sally, "we used to put out bowls of candy and nuts for Santa Claus."

"Did he eat them?" Karl was big-eyed.

"They were always gone in the morning."

"Let's crack some nuts for Santa Claus."

They sat about the kitchen table. Bill pounded with a hammer, Karl used the nut crackers, and Sally picked the meats from the shells.

Somewhere down the street, voices were caroling through the frosty air.

Sally looked at the faces of her dear family. The true spirit of Christmas was in all their hearts.

"Merry Christmas, darlings. Merry, Merry Christmas."

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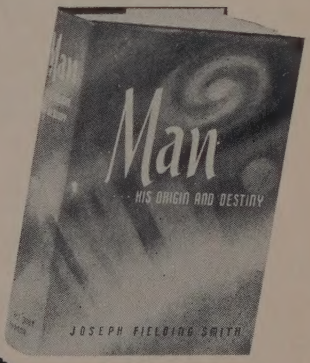

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"I will honor Christmas in my Heart, and try to keep it all the Year" ...**SCROOGE**

The gaily colored tissue and tinsel, the plump brown turkey and trimmings, the stockings lumpy with toys and candy, the twinkling Christmas tree . . . these at best can give us pleasure for only a few brief hours. But the true Spirit of Christmas lives on in our hearts as long as we wish to keep it there.

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